# THE DIGGERS

CAPTAIN W.J. DENNY
M.C., M.P.

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GENERAL BIRDWOOD IN FRANCE. FRONTISPIECE

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BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

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TO THE MEMORY OF

THOSE THOUSANDS OF BRAVE AUSTRALIANS WHO

AT THE CALL OF DUTY VOLUNTARILY

SPRANG TO ARMS IN THE DEFENCE OF

LIBERTY AND HUMANITY

AND LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES

AT GALLIPOLI, POZIÈRES, FLEURBAIX, BULLECOURT

IN FLANDERS, IN PALESTINE, IN MESOPOTAMIA

AND OTHER PARTS OF BRITAIN'S FAR-FLUNG

BATTLE LINE

## *Preface*

THIS book by Captain W. J. Denny, M.C., M.P., gives me the opportunity of expressing in a brief preface some little appreciation of what Australia has done in the great war, and of paying a tribute to the Australian soldier.

I am glad that certain chapters of the book deal with the efforts of our kinsmen across the sea—the people of the United States of America. The union of the great English speaking races in an effort to secure the maintenance of right and justice is the happiest augury for the future.

I doubt if it is fully realized how truly great Australia's effort has been, nor how much it exemplifies the solidarity of the Empire of Britain. Within six weeks of the outbreak of war 20,000 Australian soldiers had been mobilized, organized and equipped, and the shipping was ready for

their transport 12,000 miles by sea. On the day of the declaration of war the Australian Navy was on the high seas fulfilling its share of that brief instruction to "seek out and destroy the enemy's fleet."

Since those early days effort has gone on consistently and steadfastly. The growth of Australian infantry divisions and their work in Gallipoli and France are well known.

Less is known of the development of the ancillary services, but it has been on an equal scale, and their work has been equally devoted and efficient.

The part played by the Australian Mounted Troops in Egypt and Palestine has not been so much before the public eye as the work of Australian divisions in France, but the magnitude of the effort, and the efficiency, courage and dash displayed, have all been of the one high standard.

There have been other developments. Australian Flying Squadrons have estab-

lished a reputation everywhere, and not least in Mesopotamia. Australian hospital and Australian Nursing Sisters have rendered devoted service in almost every theatre of war.

Meanwhile the Australian Navy has been gradually increased, and as a component of the Navy of the Empire it has had its share in the glorious achievements on the sea which are perhaps the most noteworthy of the attainments of the British people. The Australian seamen of the mercantile marine have played the same heroic part as their brother Salts of the old country, and have earned the same undying glory.

And in the manufacture of munitions Australia has not been backward. She has supplied at the call of the mother country much of the requirements of some minor theatres; and the men sent to work in munition factories at home have assisted the colossal work of the old country in respect to munition output.

I confess that in turning to speak my

opinion of the fighting qualities of the Australian soldier, I am at a loss for words. It is as difficult to describe all the qualities of a fine soldier as it is to define the attributes of greatness. Moreover, I own to a prejudice by reason of the great place in my affections into which the Australian soldier has crept. Brave to a degree, he is in attack overwhelming; steadfast and determined, in defence he is invincible. And in the intermediary stages of a conflict his keenness, energy and resource make him an adversary much to be feared. In all my experience with him I have found that in true discipline, in the spirit of co-operation and loyalty, and in endurance, the Australian soldier has no superior.

W. R. BIRDWOOD.

A.I.F. Headquarters, France.
*October*, 1918.

## *Introduction*

THESE sketches are not extracts from a War Diary, or a recital of individual battles or campaigns, with which the reading public is already familiar. They are observations, from an Australian point of view, upon a variety of subjects connected with the world-war, which, it is hoped, will prove interesting to those who have been over the scenes and witnessed many of the incidents and places depicted.

Several of the chapters have already appeared in the New York "Times," the Philadelphia "Public Ledger," the New York "Evening Post," and "The Old Colony Magazine." These chapters have, however, been considerably revised in the light of recent developments.

A.I.F. HEADQUARTERS, LONDON.
*January*, 1919.

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THE AUTHOR RETURNING FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE

## *Who are the Anzacs?*

"They were the finest body of young men ever brought together in modern times. For physical beauty and nobility of bearing they surpassed any men I have ever seen; they walked and looked like the Kings in the old poems."

JOHN MASEFIELD in "Gallipoli."

WHO and what are the Anzacs? Their exploits are known throughout the world; their deeds have been heralded by press and public; their special attributes have won them an immortal name. But few outside Australia are aware of their precise identity.

Like many words of unknown or doubtful origin the explanation of the name is simple—though novel. Theories have often been advanced and exploited. Only recently, for instance, it was discovered that there is an Arabian word called Anzac or Anzag—the meaning of which is "To cause to jump!" In view of this dis-

tinctive attribute having been so gallantly displayed at the famous landing at Gallipoli and the fact of the word being Oriental, this conception seemed so apposite that it was forthwith accepted by many. When the Australian Minister of Defence (Senator George Pearce) first heard the theory he described it as "a happy coincidence which would be greatly appreciated by Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Birdwood," who during the landing, and now (having relinquished the command of the Fifth Army to retain his association with the Australian forces), commanded the Anzac troops. It was indeed singular that an Arabian word should so accurately describe the great characteristic which made the landing so famous and unique. Many and many an Anzac "jumped" on that dim and fateful morning of April 25, 1915, and many, alas, jumped to their death!

This explanation of the word, however, is a "happy coincidence"; it is nothing more. The real meaning is much simpler and more practical. It was due to the necessary ex-

pedient of adopting a code to describe the Corps which General Birdwood commanded in Egypt prior to the landing. That distinguished officer, finding the words "Australian and New Zealand Army Corps" too inconvenient for general use, took the first letter of the five principal words constituting the Corps, joined them together, and found the result—A.N.Z.A.C.

General Birdwood himself thus relates the origin of the word: "When I took over the command of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps in Egypt, I was asked to select a telegraphic code address for my Army Corps, and then adopted the name Anzac. Later on, when we had effected our landing, I was asked by General Head Quarters to suggest a name for the beach where we had made good our first precarious footing, and then asked that this might be recorded as 'Anzac Cove'—a name which the bravery of our men had now made historical, while it will remain a geographical landmark for all time."

It was a simple and happy contraction, though at the time few, not even the General himself, believed that the name would become famous, or that its origin would become the subject of so much discussion. Once, however, the code word was adopted it came into general use. The alternative words, "Australia" and "New Zealand" became shortened to a word of two syllables, and the tendency amongst military men towards contraction, even to the extent of using nicknames, is so wide-spread that the word became immediately popular. After the landing, the Gallipoli Beach was christtened "Anzac Beach" and the little inlet on which it took place "Anzac Cove." There is also a place on all staff maps in France, marking the spot where the Australians made their début in a French trench, called "Anzac Redoubt."

Australia the word found so much favour that the Commonwealth Government eventually decided to prohibit its use for commercial purposes without

special permission from the Defence Department. Every commercial enterprise was naturally anxious to use the term, and some such step became necessary to prevent the misuse of the word. In London, however, there is not, and cannot be, such a restriction, so in those parts of the metropolis where Australians on leave usually congregate "The Anzac Shop" appears. The only official use, however, of the word in London is that known as "The Anzac Buffet," where meals are generously provided free of charge to all Australians who are on leave in England from France. The total expense of this great institution is borne by the Australian Natives Association, a friendly society of considerable extent and importance in Australia. I think all will agree that a word which has so much historic and national importance to Australians should not be prostituted to merely commercial or advertising purposes.

The official recognition of the distinction between "Anzacs" and "Australians"

is an order which prescribes that every Australian officer and soldier who took part in the Gallipoli campaign shall wear a brass letter "A" over the regimental colours which every Australian soldier must wear on his sleeve.

May I add that "Anzac" is a word which is more frequently used by those who are not "Anzacs" than by Australian soldiers. The vast majority of the present Australian troops did not take part in the Gallipoli campaign, and the word, in the sense of distinguishing one variety of the Australian soldier from the other, is for many reasons gradually falling into disuse, though the incidents connected with the name will never be forgotten. In the first place it discriminates between those soldiers who took part in the landing and the subsequent fighting at Gallipoli and those who were not on the Peninsula, but who later immortalized the name of Australia in Flanders and France and Palestine. In the second place there is a popular tendency—not, of course, amongst

the Australians—to overlook the valiant troops from New Zealand, whose heroism in the landing and after was quite equal to their perhaps better known, but not less appreciative, compatriots.

The Anzacs originally held a very high opinion of the fair fighting qualities of the Turk at Gallipoli. Many tributes have been paid, and many instances given of this attribute, and striking contrasts were made between Turkish methods and the abominable tactics of the Hun. A leading Anzac writer, "C.A.E.B.," who was right through the Dardanelles campaign, expressed the sentiments of the majority of the troops in these lines:

> So though your name be black as ink
> For murder and rapine,
> Carried out in happy concert
> With your Christians from the Rhine,
> *We* will judge you, Mr. Abdul,
> By the test by which *we* can—
> That with all your breath, in life and death
> You've played the gentleman.

This opinion, however, has since been completely altered in the light of sub-

sequently discovered facts. Although very heavy casualties were sustained at Gallipoli, few Australian prisoners were taken by the Turks, owing to the peculiar character of the fighting. Of the forty-nine Australians who were, however, taken no less than nineteen have "died," and the terrible accounts received of their treatment resulted in exceptional efforts being made to secure the repatriation of the survivors. An American officer engaged in diplomatic work in Constantinople during the Gallipoli campaign and after expressed to me his astonishment at the good opinion of the Turk held by the Australians, and added that what he had seen and heard of their treatment made such a belief incomprehensible. He explained the apparently fair fighting of the Turk in the open as one solely to the fear of the consequences and reprisals. "There is no difference whatever," he added, "between the Turk and the Hun in their inhuman methods."

The celebration of Anzac—April 25th

—is now one of Australia's national festivals. Wherever the sons and daughters of Australia may be, the commemoration of the first baptism of fire of its sons in the Great War is honoured above all others. That great event has woven about itself a glamour which is now the treasured pride of the Australian people. It created a tradition that is their proudest possession. Courage and heroism quite as great and against even more fearful odds have been shown at Pozières, Fleurbaix, Bullecourt, and elsewhere, but the romantic associations of Anzac have a peculiar charm which can never be eradicated. Is it little wonder that at its anniversary the walls of Westminster Abbey reverberate with praise for the dead heroes of the far-off land?

It was a matter of supreme satisfaction to all Australians to know that, through the intervention of His Holiness the Pope, the burial grounds at Anzac, so hallowed by the blood of the First Australians, were to have been preserved by the Turks. This

promise was, however, not fulfilled. It is now intended that after the war the Australian Government shall plant on the spot characteristic Australian trees, whose branches will sing their mournful liturgy over the bones of the heroes who lie buried there.

It is not in my province, nor is this the place to speak in detail of the famous landing of April 25th, 1915. The unparalleled feat of achieving what was, even after the event, described as the impossible, has been told by many of the finest pens of all nations. The event is enshrined in every Australian heart; it is the topic of many tongues; it is the subject of much discussion; it is the regret of every Australian soldier who was not privileged to take part in it. There have been many famous exploits by the Australian troops in other parts of the far-flung battle line in France, in Flanders, in Palestine, and in Egypt; but none—though equally heroic—will ever compare to it in the memory and imagination of the Australian people.

## *Why Australia entered the War*

"Every Sovereign state has the undoubted right to declare War at its pleasure, and is consequently entitled to repudiate its treaties."

TREITSCHKE.

THE entry of Australia into the War was immediate and dramatic. The inhabitants of the Commonwealth are almost exclusively British. With the exception of the few German settlements there are few alien areas or quarters so common in the United States and in England. And so it was perhaps to be expected that the Australians would rise immediately to the danger which threatened the civilization not only of their race, but of the world. Yet there were other considerations. Australia is a new and a rich country; its population sparse; its people peaceful and progressive; its government intensely democratic—and democracies do not favour war. But instinctively the people

of Australia, from the Prime Minister to the humblest citizen, felt that great issues were at stake. Why Germany should, because of the assassination of a Grand Duke not even of its own race, throw the world into the horrors of a war, the fearful effects of which the Australian people had always regarded as a ground for its very impossibility, seemed to them incomprehensible. From a merely selfish point of view Australia had nothing to gain. The great island-continent—larger than the United States of America—was far removed from the sphere of the conflict. No submarine or Zeppelin or Gotha could ever reach it; its territory could never be invaded; its women and children could never be attacked either from within or without. It had nothing to gain; it had everything to lose. Australia might have said "What concern have we with this fight in Europe? We did not provoke it, nor were we a party to it. We shall lose many of our best sons, we shall withdraw thousands from our

farms and manufactories, we shall burden ourselves with untold debts." Yet no country more readily responded to the call to defeat the greatest of all menaces. None of the combatants was so unselfish or altruistic. The ideals of annexation, of indemnity, of national gain or aggrandisement, or even of personal safety never entered into their consideration. The statesmen of Great Britain, though determined to honour at all costs their treaty with Belgium, fully realized the ultimate consequences to the English people and to England if they did not take up the sword. The President of the United States reluctantly declared War, and did not do so until after the lives of many Americans were lost in the "Lusitania," the "Sussex," and other vessels. Australia had none of these considerations. She was a free, self-governing Commonwealth, upon whom none but herself could impose any military obligations. Yet she did not for a moment display the slightest hesitation or reserve.

The main operating influence in the decision of Australia to enter the War was undoubtedly the wanton attack upon Belgium. The answer to that iniquity was immediate and unanimous. Not a single voice was raised in protest to the Prime Minister's declaration that Australia would expend "the last man and the last shilling" in the effort to wipe out the infamy of German dishonour and brutality. Australia was, secondly, enormously influenced and impressed by the presentation of the facts brought to light in the correspondence between Bethman Hollweg and Sir Edward Grey, and not least by the personalities of the adversaries, the former representing Prussian duplicity and fraud, the latter British frankness and honesty. The brutal candour of the Imperial Chancellor made the Australian decision irrevocable. The famous "scrap of paper" declaration and the blunt admission that Germany had, in the face of its solemn guarantee of neutrality, already committed a "breach

of international law" against the sacred soil of Belgium made the people of Australia—unversed alike in the arts of diplomacy or German policy—aghast. They contrasted all this with Sir Edward Grey's frank announcement that if Great Britain did not honour its treaty obligations "the good name of England would suffer a blow from which it would never recover." From that very moment public opinion in Australia was affected to its foundations.

Of course other considerations affected national opinion. The subsequent treatment of the Belgians, especially Cardinal Mercier's declaration as to the outrages upon the nuns, the indiscriminate shooting of women and children and priests, the levying of enormous taxes upon the cantonments all strengthened and sustained the national will. Later, of course, came the pamphlet of August Thyssen, in which the Kaiser declared that he would grant that capitalist as a bribe 50,000 acres of Australian soil if he would

become a party to the freebooting commercial enterprises of the German ruler. More potent still, perhaps, was the gradual publication of the views of German representatives of every shade of society, politics, commerce, and religion, in which the Hun "superman" theory of German Kultur, of German world-wide dominion, and of the means and the atrocities by which these objects were to be secured, was developed.

## *German Types in Australia*

"Germans are of yesterday . . . a few centuries must elapse before it can be said of them 'It is long since they were barbarians.'"

GOETHE.

THERE is relatively a small German population in the Commonwealth of Australia—chiefly in South Australia and Queensland—most of whom left their native country to escape some form of religious, political, or military persecution. The great majority slowly assimilated themselves to their environment. They had little knowledge or association with modern Prussian ideals. They exhibited no spirit of aggression, of militarism, of world-wide domination. They were assuredly no disciples of Treitschke, Nietzsche, or Von Bernhardi. "Peaceful penetration" was practised, not by them, but by agents in Germany for them. They settled on the land and became industrious, thrifty and

exceedingly prosperous farmers. The Australian people, anxious to secure agricultural settlement, welcomed them; Parliament and Press vied with each other in extolling their virtues; rival states encouraged them to emigrate from one state to another. Those whose enterprise led them beyond the area of good rainfall country in South Australia and who suffered from the ravages of drought were attracted to the newly-opened agricultural land in New South Wales, and soon established new homes for themselves on first-class farms.

The Australian German may be divided into two classes—the old and the new. Of the latter there are fortunately very few. The majority belonged to the German school of Goethe and Schiller. They dreamed of culture, but not of the Kultur of the Kaiser, Ludendorff or Bernstoff. Matthew Arnold's definition of culture as "sweetness and light" appealed to them; of the mailed fist attitude they had none. They founded German clubs and Vereins

and, in the cities, were very devoted to music. In their own exclusively farming settlements they naturally exercised some political power, and elected their own representatives to Parliament, which was to be expected—in the same way as national or religious communities frequently select men of their own race and persuasion—but these attached themselves to one or other of the chief political parties and voted accordingly. As a matter of fact, the German settlers, being usually small land-holders, invariably voted Conservative—or Liberals as they are called in Australia—and their selected representatives naturally held the same political tenets.

When the War broke out there was naturally an enormous cleavage. A complete change of public opinion in Australia set in towards all German settlers. For this result German pastors, German teachers, and German newspapers were almost entirely responsible. Left to themselves the settlers would have assimilated

themselves with the rest of the Australian people. It would be idle to assume that they had no sympathy with Germany. The prejudice of race and blood is not easily removed, much less eradicated, in the course of one generation. But the sympathy was not with Prussian militarism, of which they had heard little; it was love of Fatherland. But Australia was not content with half measures. The national conscience demanded that every citizen of German birth or extraction should be—as they use the term in America—100 per cent. Australian. As a result almost every candidate bearing a German name, or suspected of the least particle of German sympathy, either retired from his seat in Parliament or was rejected at the polls. The vote of the German settlers, however, was not greatly altered. There was no German candidate to vote for, it was true, but the vote of the settlements was usually thrown into the side of that party which they considered was least antagonistic towards them.

The experience of the Germans in Australia clearly illustrates the utter perversity and corruption which the modern Hun had infused into the minds of the Teuton people. These settlers had no complaint with their conditions or their treatment. They were free, they were prosperous. Their love of Germany was of a Germany of half a century ago; a Germany associated with the kindly and industrious savant, of the scientist, of the musician, whom they or their fathers had known and loved. The doctrine of frightfulness and terrorism, of pillage and outrage, was as new and unknown to them as it was to the rest of the Australian people. It is more than probable that they did not and have not even now appreciated the vital and enormous difference of the outlook of the modern Hun; of the insidious swarm of philosophers, statesmen, soldiers, and pastors, who had not only poisoned the wells of German thought and brought their country to inevitable destruction, but had made the Hun an object of con-

tempt, hatred, and derision amongst the peoples of the world.

The Australian people, however, had no concern with this change of attitude. They could not and did not discriminate. All Germans and German sympathisers were to them alike. If they were not true to the country which has afforded them a haven from oppression—a haven which they sought of their own deliberate choice—then they must either actively repudiate all association and sympathy with Germany, or else return to that country. As time went on this feeling intensified, not diminished. The present Prime Minister of the Commonwealth may not represent the Australian people in many of his political opinions; but in his thoroughgoing determination to rid Australia from the last vestige of Germanism he has behind him the overwhelming mass of the people.

It is not my province to outline how this course may best be pursued. But, whatever the issue of the present world-

war may be, unless the Hohenzollern dynasty and all it stands for is destroyed for all time, then the Australian Parliament will—at least I certainly trust it will—pass an enactment which, in effect, will provide that "no German person and no German goods shall hereafter be admitted into the Commonwealth of Australia under any pretext whatever." If, on the other hand, the abdication of the Kaiser is a genuine act of state—and not a mere political expedient, as it appears to be—Australia will not insist upon reprisals. Upon the German people and them alone rests the alternative. Australia will not and cannot make the choice for them. But whatever may be the issue the Commonwealth will reserve its rights, as a free self-governing country, to safeguard its own interests.

## *Hun Professors and Spy Methods*

"When Kings want war they begin it and leave learned professors to come after and prove that it is just."

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

ON that fateful day of August 4th, 1914, when war was declared between Great Britain and Germany, the Society for the Advancement of Science met in Australia for the first time. We felt honoured, and as a member of the council of the Adelaide University I was privileged to be present.

Naturally, the dread announcement of world-war overshadowed everything, including science. Anti-German feeling had already become manifest; but in those foolish old days we regarded our guests as merely "victims" of the Kaiser's dream of world domination.

A venerable and kindly looking old

German professor of world-wide fame, with many academic degrees, rose to address the brilliant assemblage. He was greeted with a chorus of sympathetic cheers. "No one," he said, "deplores this terrible conflict of physical against mental and moral force more than I do." He was believed. The sessions of the Society removed to Melbourne, and the amiable professor was everywhere sympathetically received. He was pitied. Then rumours commenced to circulate. It was alleged that his private sentiments were not consistent with his public statements or with his rôle of a disinterested scientist. The authorities took action, and, despite strong protests from this "victim" of the War, searched his valise and found concealed in a small pocket a complete copy of the official plans of the naval fortifications and defences of Melbourne! Needless to say, he was promptly and effectively dealt with; the plans never reached the Wilhelmstrasse.

Another case was not dissimilar. This

professor also ingratiated himself with his fellow-scientists, and to a friend remarked :

" It is so terrible to be away from Germany and my people at this anxious time."

" Yes, indeed," was the friend's answer, " your wife and family will feel it deeply."

" Oh, it is not that," replied the professor, " but to be absent from the Fatherland at this time of spiritual awakening is beyond endurance."

The friend had not then read Treitschke, Neitzsche, and the host of Hun philosophers, statesmen, soldiers, and poets on the true significance of this spiritual awakening. He had not then read the Kaiser's proclamation, " I am the instrument of the Most High. I am His sword and representative. Death and disaster to those who resist my will." This friend, however, was soon to learn of German perfidy ; but meantime the professor had made certain discoveries, the sessions broke up, and he escaped.

These and other lessons were not

lost. An effective campaign against Hun influence was at once launched. Every German school was closed, every German newspaper suppressed, the German language was prohibited, pro-German members of all public and private bodies were retired, German town names were altered, (the name "Birdwood" was substituted for that of "Blumberg,") all trade contracts annulled, and the last vestige of the cancer of German influence and commercialism cut out.

This latter was effected in the following way. For years Australia had been under the heel of the German metal firms, and even the very metals purchased in Australia by Great Britain for munitions had at first to be secured through the agents of the great metal octopus. The names of Hirsch, Beer-Sondheimer, and the Metallgesellschaft were quite familiar to the great Australian metal producers, who had to accept the prices and conditions fixed by this enormous "ring." The metal chiefly employed in the manufacture

of munitions was under their almost absolute control. The present Premier of the Commonwealth, however, made a very drastic and effective attack upon these organisations, and has fortunately rid Australia for ever from any possibility, present or future, of further incursions by Teuton monopolists. To use his own words, "after fourteen months of war, we are able to say a change has been made. Direct outlets have been established for Australian products in Great Britain and Allied countries. The policy of the Government is to encourage the development of the metal industry so that all ores produced in the Commonwealth may be treated therein, and, above all, the policy of the Government is that the industry must not fall into German hands after the War. We are going to cut every trace of the German cancer out." And he did it! It took Great Britain three years to awaken to this great menace and dissolve "Merton's."

Under the Act dealing with this octopus,

provision was made for the establishment of a Metal Exchange by the Government, and every sale and purchase of all metal in Australia must be registered. Aliens are not allowed to purchase metal or to have any representation on the Exchange, and all shares in companies incorporated in Australia are surrendered to the Public Trustee. The favourable result is that, as Mr. Hughes was able to declare, "the mining companies of Australia, around which the octopus tentacles of the great German metal combine were so tightly drawn at the beginning of the War, now all breathe freely. Every tentacle has been cut and the severed ends completely destroyed. If Germany ever gets a foothold in the metal industry of Australia again, it will be because Australians voluntarily surrender themselves to the embraces of the beast. Not only is every German contract annulled, but fresh channels have been opened up and markets found with Britain, the Allies, and friendly neutrals. And when war ceases, Germany will have

lost that control over the metal industry which has done so much to enable her to wage war effectively and to build up her industrial and commercial position."

Mr. Hughes' firm and courageous act represents the permanent and irremediable loss of one of Germany's principal trade concerns, and we can well imagine the effect it produced in Germany. Just before I left Australia, in a criminal prosecution against a leading agent for these German firms—a British subject, too—for "trading with the enemy," the correspondence seized disclosed that his Teuton principals had made frantic attempts to arrange contracts so that the trade "should be kept alive" and resumed immediately on the conclusion of the War.

Germany alone, of all the nations of the world, had sent spies and emissaries to corrupt, disintegrate, and destroy free and peace-loving peoples. No one ever heard of American, English, or Australian emissaries—professors or otherwise—plotting against Germany. But German spies

and German money and German influence and German commerce permeated the earth, not merely to extend their trade interests, but to scheme to make the war map favourable for "Der Tag." Every grade of society was ushered into the service of the Wilhelmstrasse to further the Kaiser's interests, to spread poisonous literature, to dismember States, to sow feuds, to promote uprisings, to commit outrages. "Friendly" countries were weakened and, if necessary, destroyed, to assist German aims in the carefully planned and inevitable (to Germany) world war.

## *Every Australian a Soldier*

"We should follow the example of such democracies as Switzerland and Australia and provide and require military training for all our young men."

ROOSEVELT.

THE Commonwealth of Australia—the youngest and least "militaristic" of all the new democracies—established, for the first time in the history of British-speaking communities, the system of compulsory military training. Yet no country apparently had less need to take such a national precaution. The Minister of Defence, prior to the outbreak of war, made the significant remark that if on the map of the world all the countries stamped with blood were to be marked, Australia would be the only white spot. Yet with an area larger than the United States but populated by a mere handful of 5,000,000 the Commonwealth imposed upon every

male from the age of twelve years upwards the duty of becoming a trained soldier for the purpose of national defence. This duty was set out in the simple declaratory words of the Commonwealth Defence Act of 1909 :—

" All male inhabitants of Australia (excepting those who are exempted by this Act) who have resided therein for six months and are British subjects shall be liable to be trained and prescribed as follows :

(a) From twelve to fourteen years of age in the Junior Cadets ; and

(b) From fourteen to eighteen years of age in the Senior Cadets ; and

(c) From eighteen to twenty-six years of age in the Citizens Forces."

The enactment was in such complete accordance with popular sentiment that its passage was immediate and unanimous. Although the Australian people, like most democracies, are peace-loving to a degree not a voice was raised in Parliament or

outside in protest. The reason was obvious. The Commonwealth Constitution Act of 1900 conferred upon every citizen male and female of the age of twenty-one years the right of the franchise for both Houses of Parliament. As a natural corollary, every man capable of defending his country and its citizenship was obliged, without distinction, to fit himself for the duty of defending those privileges conferred upon him.

The system of training inaugurated under the provisions of the Commonwealth Defence Act, although somewhat of an experiment, with some consequent hardship, secured the immediate acquiescence and support of the people. Its administration was inspired by a fine broad democratic spirit, and made it an achievement of which the people came to be exceedingly proud. All were treated alike. There was no attempt to "keep the promise to the ear and break it to the hope." The son of the millionaire and the navvy are equally liable for service and

are trained under precisely the same conditions and with the same surroundings, and any breach is equally punishable. Thus the boy who "fails without lawful excuse to attend a compulsory drill" is guilty of an offence under the Act and any employer who "prevents or attempts to prevent any employee; or any parent or guardian who prevents any son or ward from rendering the personal service required of him" is liable to a penalty. And mental, moral, and physical results have been exceedingly satisfactory. The result of an official investigation showed that the principal effects of a beneficial nature are "self-respect, diminution of juvenile cigarette smoking and 'larrikinism,' and generally a tendency towards a sense of responsibility and a desire to become good citizens."

Up till the time war broke out, however, the originators of the Act never contemplated that the Commonwealth Military Forces so established would be required for service outside Australia; in fact, it

was expressly provided that members of the Forces should not, unless they voluntarily agreed to do so, be liable to serve beyond the limits of the Commonwealth. But few countries more fully and more readily appreciated the nature and extent of the peril which the Kaiser's fearful ukase had forced upon the world. Australia at once, therefore, set upon establishing for service overseas, upon a voluntary basis, a new organization—the Australian Imperial Force—composed of all sections and creeds, British-born and naturalized. The original Commonwealth Military Force had not been long enough established to enable all who enlisted in the new Force to have secured military training, and so the majority of those who enlisted for service overseas went into camp to learn their military duties for the first time.

In both Forces, however, the same broad democratic principles prevail. Every volunteer, irrespective of rank or position, is obliged to enlist as a private.

Those who attained the rank of "Cadet Officers" under the Defence Act had, of course, the advantage of their previous military tuition, and soon rose to be officers in the new Force; but these were submitted to the same examination before being selected to proceed with the troops overseas.

The question raised by the establishment of the Australian Forces—"whether universal democracy is compatible with military skill and discipline"—is a problem that the War has unmistakably solved. The gallant exploits of the men who fought at Gallipoli and in Egypt, in France and Palestine and elsewhere have supplied the answer. Australians are not brought up to believe, as many do believe in older countries, that an army must be composed of two classes—the officer class and the private class. Nor do they subscribe to the doctrine that Jack is as good as his master; they know Jack to be sometimes much worse and sometimes much better than his master. It is all a

question of merit and experience, and so it not infrequently happens that the employee is the officer and the employer the private serving under him. But there is no misunderstanding. The busy commercial or professional man who enlists has, perhaps, but little time to devote to military studies and when the call of duty comes he cheerfully settles down to recognize that the man who knows is the man to take command. Thus during the course of the War the N.C.O.'s and privates who have paid the supreme penalty have left large fortunes whilst their officers left nothing but the credit balance—frequently small enough—in their pay-books.

Nor is there any lack of discipline. Soldiers are trained to fight, and the best test of discipline is devotion to duty under fire. Saluting and kindred forms of a soldier's training are important and must be insisted upon, but the supreme test is not a man's behaviour in Broadway or the Strand, but in a crucial and perhaps unequal contest in Flanders. The best

judge and the most competent critic of men is an efficient officer, and I have never met an Australian officer who would prefer to exchange his unit for a so-called "disciplined" one. The solution is that both officer and man understand each other thoroughly. There is no lack of "fraternization." Many officers of older armies and countries have been astounded at seeing Australian officers and men meet at a social gathering on a footing of perfect equality. The truth is that the officer knows that his men trust him for his ability, courage, and consideration of their interests. The fact that he is permitted or ought to be regarded as of superior mould cuts no ice. The quick-perceiving troops expect the officer to know his job, and they are not disappointed. The officer who relies upon the order "Carry on, Sergeant-Major" is, for obvious reasons, assessed by his men at his true worth. Surely it makes for greater efficiency that an officer should know that the men consider that if he has

the qualifications for holding a commission he should be able to show it—and fortunately, owing to the natural aptitude of the Australian officer, he does so show it.

Another aspect raised during "discipline" discussions of new armies is the tendency of such troops, when their leaders have fallen, to rush beyond their original objective. Such cases are, of course, extremely rare. When they do occur it is usually for some very good reason. It is generally the result of the soldier's individual appreciation of the position after his leader is stricken down. Men are not normally likely, especially in France, to look for greater danger than is necessary. In any case it is surely much preferable that troops should err on the side of courage and initiative than to adopt the other course—and retire.

## *Embarking for the Front*

"The lessons of history confirm the view that wars which have been deliberately provoked by far-seeing statesmen have had the happiest results."

GENERAL VON BERNHARDI.

I AM not likely to forget the scene of the departure from the Outer Harbour of South Australia. It was a new experience for almost all of us to have to part from relatives and friends; to leave our native shores upon a mission the extent or effect of which we did not and could not know. Everyone realized their duty; all realized their responsibility. Yet all instinctively felt that they might never see again those faces on the wharf or the scenes they loved so much.

But though there was much regret and emotion there was no misgiving. There was a task to be done, there was a fight to

be fought, the good name of Australia was at stake. It is my firm impression that the real emotion and sorrow was not so much in the hearts of the troops, but with those whose wan and anxious faces lined the wharf; with those who stood waving their handkerchiefs and holding in their hands the varied-coloured streamers that strained from wharf to ship and finally broke as the boat slowly started upon her journey to the great beyond.

The troopship that carried the reinforcements was timed to start at 3 o'clock on March 16th, 1916, but it was almost dark when the anchor weighed and we watched first the wharf, then the buildings, and finally our beautiful city of Adelaide disappear from view; many gazed long and wistfully upon loved scenes that they might possibly never—many, in fact, never did—see again. The "Anchises" was a 10,000 ton boat, and there were 1500 troops on board, mostly infantry from the other Australian states. The whole of the men were of a

particularly fine type, and were quite equal in physique at least to the original men who made the historic landing at Gallipoli. The ship was not making her first trip with troops, and someone had left a copy of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's despatches on board, and as I looked upon the hardy and magnificent men on the ship I saw no reason to doubt his glowing tribute to the original Australian troops and their heroic task :—

"I do not suppose that any country in its palmiest days ever sent forth to the field of battle a finer body of men than these Australian, New Zealand, and Tasmanian troops. Physically they are the finest lot of men I have ever seen in any part of the world. In fact I had no idea that such a race of giants existed in the twentieth century. Some of their battalions average 5 ft. 10 inches, and every man seems to be a trained athlete. . . ."

"No finer feat of arms has been performed during the War than this sudden landing in the dark, and, above all, the

holding on to the position thus won whilst reinforcements were being provided from the transports. These raw Colonial troops in those desperate hours proved themselves worthy to fight side by side with the heroes of Mons. and the Aisne, Ypres and Neuve Chapelle."

"The more you see of it the more extraordinary does it seem that the Colonials were ever able to climb it, and afterwards hold it, on that historic Sunday, April 25th. It is certainly the most remarkable climb in the history of war since Wolfe stormed the heights of Quebec."

The trip round the great Australian Bight is not popular with sea-travellers. It is usually very rough, with an uncommonly heavy swell, but we were very fortunate, for the trip was almost pleasantly calm. With reasonably fair weather it does not take Australians long to resolve themselves into a happy family and no domestic household could have been more harmonious than the officers and men on the transport. There

two "padres" on board, one a different denomination—Rev. Father Clarke a Franciscan friar from Sydney, and Rev. C. J. Perry, a well-known footballer—and both set themselves to make our sea life most agreeable. Entertainments, boxing matches, concerts, and cards helped to fill in the time most pleasantly, and Father Clarke being a fine French scholar, started a school of French lessons which he said would be invaluable not only in France but in Egypt. Few realized, however, the wisdom of the remark at the time, and those who followed the lessons closely were extremely fortunate, and those who did not were full of regrets, as French is the principal language spoken in the two countries we were destined for—Egypt or France. Father Clarke had a most charming manner and a very apposite way of putting things. For instance, he said to me in class, "Since every officer expects promotion please say in French 'I ought to be a general.'" I gave it up and he supplied the translation, "Je

devais être un général," and added, "In my case I suppose it would be 'I ought to be Pope,'" and my only reply was "That's merely a question of time, Father"—at which I was gravely reproved.

Sea journeys are usually monotonous. It does not take long to get tired of "the eternal sea," the regular swell of the ocean and the familiar and limited promenades of the ship. Occasionally we saw porpoises and flying fish—those extraordinary half-bird, half-fish creatures, that alternately fly and swim, and not infrequently fly into and strand themselves in various parts of the ship. But generally speaking the journey was without incident and we were, of course, far beyond the possibility of submarine attack.

## *Colombo*

"A man does not become low caste by birth,
Nor by birth does one become high caste;
High caste is the result of high actions—
And by actions does a man degrade himself
To caste that is low."

BUDDHA.

WE could soon tell we were nearing the tropics. The humid atmosphere, which a crowded ship does not tend to improve, the odour of spices "scenting the clove trees in the gale," and the gradual transformation of the sea from a rough to a glossy surface soon told us that we were nearing Ceylon. It is usually about a fortnight's journey from Adelaide to Colombo—it took us sixteen days. The sight of any land was very refreshing after our long sea voyage, and the magnificent harbour—one of the finest in the world, and designed by Sir John Coode, who

planned and reported upon many Australian harbours—encircled with huge palm trees, mangoes, beautiful and sweet-smelling odours, and pineapple trees made a lasting impression on us all.

Inside the harbour we passed a wonderful display of vessels of all kinds and almost all nationalities—English, French, Russian Japanese cruisers, mingled with Australian and New Zealand transport and hospital ships, and the Ceylonese dhows and catamarans. We were not long anchored before coolie "boys" came round offering to sell all sorts and conditions of "bargains," or crying "di'e, di'e" —in other words appealing to the troops to throw coins into the sea that they might dive for them. These Ceylonese are experts in the sea. A threepenny piece was hardly in the sea before the quick eye of the diver perceived and seized it, and although a shilling would often drop eight or ten feet it was invariably rescued by the diver. The "boys" are hard workers, too. Dressed in very scanty

clothing, they coal a ship, working unconscionable hours and lifting heavy weights in very quick time, for an average of 2s. 8d. per day. All the time they chatter and chew betel nut, the red juice giving their teeth a very uncanny appearance. They are very courteous, not to say indiscriminate in their bestowal of military titles. Not a few privates were variously addressed as "Colonel," "Captain," "Sergeant," and when not successful in their appeal for a coin they would follow on crooning "It's a long way to Tipperary." They are all inveterate beggars, but very active and intelligent. My rickshaw driver, for instance, referred very freely to current events, and said, amongst other things, "All British here gone to war. I like to go to war. I like to go to Australia, but they won't let me." He spoke of America—before the happy entry into the War of the Great Republic—and said, "'Merica no soldiers, but plenty money."

The island of Ceylon is one of the most

beautiful, ancient, and historical islands in the world. It might truly be said that when the Briton was a "painted savage" Ceylon had a famous civilization. In size it is about three-fourths the dimensions of Ireland, and is of such rare and varied beauty that it may well be said of it—

> To me the spicy wooded vales
> Thy dusky sons and jewels bright
> But image forth the far-famed tale,
> But seem a new Arabian night.

Like many other now British dependencies Ceylon was originally held by the Dutch. When Holland joined France, however, in the great war of 1798, the British, through the Government of Madras, sent an expedition to the island and conquered it after a feeble resistance. The incident recalls the frequently quoted lines of the English diplomatist, Governor Falck, who resided in Ceylon at the time:

> "In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
> Lies in giving too little and asking too much."

British influence gradually extended throughout the island, and in 1815 the

last of the Sinhalese kings was captured and their dynasty definitely ended. Since the British occupation the trade and population of Ceylon has increased very greatly. From less than one million people it now comprises over four millions, with a trade of nearly twenty millions per annum. The British certainly have governed the country remarkably well. Whilst encouraging the efforts of the natives, they have shown the utmost consideration for the rights and customs of the people. Every religion is respected, and there are some beautiful churches and temples. Half the population is Catholic, the remainder being chiefly Buddhist and Mohammedan; priests and nuns are sedulously encouraged because they educate the better classes, and caste is encouraged, as in India, for the somewhat utilitarian reason that there is no possibility of "a rising" by the united action of the natives, which could only bring about chaos. Just before we arrived there

had been a religious dispute between the Mohammedans and Buddhists, martial law was proclaimed, and three hundred of the insurgents were shot. The Singalese are more concerned about the maintenance of their religion than about self-government, and they welcome the feeling of security both to nationality and trade which the British flag affords, and prefer this to being the prey of outside nations or of internecine strife.

Few countries in the world possess such beautiful scenery or have such rich resources as the "incense-breathing hills of sweet Ceylon." The trees and fruits are, of course, tropical, and the flamboyant tree, the famous fruits of the mango, the custard, the cocoanut, paw-paw, pine-apple, and banana, together with many native trees and bushes all give out a blaze of colour and an odour that is truly Oriental and most delightful. The sunsets are magnificent—a glory of colour and tint that cannot be excelled in any part of the earth.

The climate is also unique. We arrived at Colombo in the summer season. The heat was intense, the atmosphere humid and punkahs were continually in motion in every hotel and restaurant. Yet a few hours' ride in the train to Kandy, Nuwarra Eliya, or the Cinnamon Gardens brought you to one of the mildest and most bracing climates in the world. Kandy is the political capital of the island, and there the sacred tooth of Buddha is deposited. Nuwarra Eliya, over 8,200 feet above sea level, has a mean temperature of 57 degrees, with a beautiful sanatorium and every degree of comfort. At Cinnamon Gardens (only a few miles from Colombo) the bulk of the business people reside. In all the high lands tea, cocoa, and rubber are produced, and all can work in comfort, whilst the game include elephants, deer, bears, and leopards. Most of the tea and coffee planters spend the summer on their plantations in the high lands and the winter in Colombo, where are two famous hotels—the Oriental, quite close

to the harbour, and the magnificent Galle Face, which faces the Indian Ocean.

You cannot be seated on the lawn of the Galle Face for a moment before the inevitable native conjurer puts in an appearance. And some of their tricks are extremely clever. Most people have heard of the "mango trick," the native placing a stone on the ground and causing a mango tree to grow up instantly. One of these natives performed it wonderfully well, and afterwards the secret was explained to me. The conjurer prepares a mango stone or nut by cutting it in halves, takes out the kernel and fills it with a young green sprig of a mango plant. The leaves are very springy. The two halves are fastened together with clay, and the prepared stone is concealed in the conjurer's belt. Another stone is handed round for examination. The prepared stone is placed in the ground and a little water sprinkled over it. This causes the clay to soften and the stone to open, releasing part of the green sprig inside it.

The conjurer sprinkles more water from his "chatty" and the sprig expands again. He covers it with a cloth, and in doing so secretly adds another sprig. The process is repeated. Sometimes the performance stops at the growth of a tree two feet high, sometimes the result is a mango tree with fruit upon it. When this is done the last part of the tree is fixed into a little socket on the lower part of the tree.

## *The Red Sea Miracle and the Canal*

"With the breath of his nostrils the waters were piled up. . . He blew his wind and the sea covered them up."

EXODUS.

WE entered the Red Sea on the twenty-fourth day of our voyage; passing Aden at 6 a.m., and catching a glimpse of the hills of Arabia on the right and Somaliland on the left. We passed a curious island, one of those outposts of British Civilization, called Perrin Island, a dreary and desolate spot in the ocean, its sole possessions being a lighthouse and a fortress. Its unforbidding aspect entitles it to the appellation given by the sailors of "Hell's gate," and so difficult is it to induce civil servants to live there that one year's service is regarded as two in other more-favoured places. Another interesting place is Jibuti, a French post on

the Red Sea, connected with Africa by a railway 490 miles long, which took eighteen years to construct, reaching to Adis-Ababa the capital of Abyssinia. As showing the extent of the Empire's influence the right to build all railways west of Adis-Ababa is reserved by international agreement to Great Britain. The eventual intention is to connect the capital with the Soudan railways and Uganda.

The Mount of Sinai and the Sources of Moise (Eyoun Moussa) on the Arabian side of the Red Sea next appeared in view. It was at this point that the children of Israel crossed on dry land which became immediately submerged to the hosts of Pharaoh who pursued them. An Australian meteorologist, Mr. Clement Wragge, once ingeniously attempted to explain that the Almighty in effecting the Divine wishes had employed the West Wind to force back the waters to help the Israelites and then commanded it to drop as Pharaoh's army entered the sea. It was my good fortune to read, however,

a more authentic and altogether admirable description of the historical Biblical story, related by Theophile Gautier, in his "Romance of a Mummy":

"Moses having called on the Lord stretched his rod over the sea. Then took place a miracle which no hieroglyphite could have imitated. A West Wind of extraordinary violence arose which divided the waters of the Red Sea like the share of a gigantic plough, throwing up to right and left briny mountains topped with foam. Separated by the strength of this irresistible blast, which would have swept away the Pyramids like specks of dust, the waters rose up in liquid walls and left unobstructed between them a broad highway, over which one could walk dryshod; through their transparency, as if behind thick glass, marine monsters could be seen writhing, frightened at being surprised by daylight in the depths of the abyss.

"Seeing this wondrous miracle of the waters the tribes rushed through the

marvellous opening, a human torrent flowing between two steep banks of green water.

"Countless swarms dotted the livid depths of the chasm with millions of black points and imprinted their footsteps on the mud hitherto marked only by the bellies of leviathans. And the terrible wind still blew, passing over the heads of the Hebrews, for it would have mowed them down like ears of corn and pressed back the heaped up, roaring waves. It was the breath of the Lord which divided the sea.

"Frightened by this wondrous miracle the Egyptians hesitated about pursuing the Hebrews; but the Pharaoh, with his haughty courage which nothing could damp, urged on his horses, which were rearing and falling back against the pole, beating them with all his might with his double-thonged whip, his eyes bloodshot, foaming at the mouth, and roaring like a lion which sees his prey escaping. He finally induced them to enter this road so strangely opened.

"The six hundred chariots followed; the last Israelites, amongst whom were Poeri, Rachel, and Thamar, seeing the enemy take the same road as they, gave themselves up for lost; but as soon as the Egyptians were well in, Moses made a sign; the wheels of the chariots came off and there was a horrible confusion of horses and warriors striking and dashing each against the other; then the mountains of miraculously raised water fell, the sea closed up again, lifting amidst clouds of spray, men, animals, and chariots, like straws eddying in the current of a river.

"The Pharaoh alone, erect in the body of his floating chariot, mad with pride and fury, aimed the last arrows in his quiver at the Hebrews who had reached the other shore; the arrows exhausted, he seized his javelin and already with only one arm out of the water he darted it, a powerless bolt, against the unknown God whom he braved to the very bottom of the abyss.

"An enormous wave, surging two or three times to the edge of the sea, drew in the last fragment; of the Pharaohs' glory and of Pharaoh's army not a vestige remained.

"And on the opposite shore, Miriam, Aaron's sister, exulted and sang to the sound of the tabor, and all the women of Israel marked the rhythm on drums of Onagra skin. Two millions of voices were chanting the hymn of deliverance."

We were not long in reaching Suez. Everyone thinks of Suez in Kipling's language as typifying the great point of difference between East and West—

> Ship me somewhere East of Suez,
> Where the best is like the worst,
> Where there ain't no ten commandments,
> Where a man can raise a thirst.

Our introduction to the port was not pleasant. A vile "Khamsin" was raging, and what appeared to be a thick yellow fog, in reality a sand-storm, filled the whole atmosphere and minute particles

carried hundreds of miles from the Sahara settled in every part of the boat. We were delayed for some hours, many of the ships in harbour being scarcely visible until we came within close distance, and fog-horns had to be repeatedly sounded. The delay, however, gave us some time to reflect upon the wonderful triumph of engineering skill that had made our journey through the Canal possible and had enabled the East to be brought into close touch with the West and saved many thousands of miles in the navigation of ships upon the high seas. Yet it is true, of the Suez Canal as of many other great enterprises, that England reaped what she had not sown. The story of this great scheme is one of the most romantic in the history of the world. Like many other successful schemes in Egypt its origin dates back to the oldest Biblical times. It was discussed by the contemporaries of Moses, and was actually started by Rameses the Great, over 1300 years before Christ. It was Napoleon,

however, of the moderns who gave practical effect to the idea and instructed his engineers to make a study of the proposal. Through lack of sufficient data and the employment of primitive instruments the engineers arrived at the conclusion that there was a difference of thirty feet between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and they reported that the result would be the complete flooding of the rich territories of Egypt.

Notwithstanding this adverse report several attempts were made to give effect to the proposal, but until Ferdinand de Lesseps induced French capitalists to give him their support nothing practicable was done. That eminent engineer also endeavoured to secure the support of England, but the then Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, opposed it most bitterly as a " bubble to ensare unwary investors " and " one of the greatest frauds in modern times." De Lesseps, however, persevered, and in January, 1856, Said Pasha gave him a concession under which de Lesseps

was to be provided with native labour at the current rate of 7d. per day, and he eventually formed a company.

But not a single penny was subscribed in England. Of the French subscribers, Lord Palmerston described them as "café waiters deceived by the newspapers lying on the table, or grocers and dry goods assistants entrapped by the papers in which they wrapped their wares."

Notwithstanding all rebuffs the work was energetically taken in hand and completed. On November 18th, 1862, M. de Lesseps, at a solemn function near Ismalia, said, "In the name of His Highness Mahomet Said and by the grace of God I command the waters of the Mediterranean to enter Lake Timsah." The banks were cut and the Mediterranean flowed through. On November 17th, 1869, the Canal was finally opened, and strangely enough when M. de Lesseps visited England in that year he was enthusiastically received and granted the freedom of the City of London!

The history of how England which, as the "Times" said, "had done nothing to bring about the Suez Canal, but which since its opening had sent through more ships than all the rest of the world," acquired a very large holding in the Suez Canal Company is one of the most daring political strategical events in British history. The then Khedive, Ismalia, was in sore financial straits. He was pressed by his creditors and he held 176,602 shares in the Company. Lord Beaconsfield, the then Premier of Great Britain, agreed, without the consent of Parliament, to borrow four millions from Messrs. Rothschild, and before anyone was aware of the deal he purchased these shares, and so secured for England seven-sixteenths of the interest of the Company. These shares are to-day valued at over £35,000,000, and enormous sums have been received by the British taxpayer as dividends.

## *Camp Life in the Desert*

"I have seen the affliction of my people which is in Egypt." EXODUS.

WE left the transport at Port Tewfick, a small port on the other side of Suez, and were soon in truly Egyptian surroundings. Camels, donkeys, goats, caravans and niggers appeared everywhere. My first impression of the Egyptian native was not altogether unfavourable. It is not often that the Australians have to play second fiddle with any human being in a trial of strength, but as our stores were being unloaded from the ship I saw an Egyptian railway employee seize an enormous case, which four Australians were unable to move, upon his shoulders and carry it from the wharf to the railway truck almost without exertion. He was certainly an unusual type (I never saw

another like him) and was no doubt specially employed. The average Egyptian is a spindle-legged specimen of humanity, hardy no doubt, but incapable of any great feat of strength. He seems incapable of doing anything unless to musical accompaniment. Each gang of men has a chanter, who leads the way singing "Allah-he" whilst the rest of the group answer "Allah-illah"—or so it sounds. The louder the "gyppo" sings the harder he works, and when the chant dies out you can guarantee that "Johnny" is loafing.

We were not quite certain of our destination and "Furphies"* became rife. Some declared we were to continue our journey to Alexandria; others opined we should proceed to Ismalia; but eventually instructions were received to entrain for Tel-el-Kebir, the scene of the famous battlefield and railway station almost

* This word is used by Australian soldiers to signify rumours without foundation. It originated in a Victorian camp from the name of the proprietor of the sanitary carts—Furphy.

midway between Cairo and Port Said. The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, though a very important event at the time, was a mere trifle compared with modern events of the same character. It really lasted only twenty minutes, and by a swift stroke of strategy Drury Lowe, a cavalry officer, rode into Cairo at the head of a small force, and by professing to have large forces in reserve induced the native military authorities at Cairo to surrender.

Our new camp was certainly not inviting. It was situated in the middle of the desert. The heat was terrific, the flies innumerable and almost unbearable, and not a blade of grass to be seen, except in the few oases or where the canals irrigated the land. The heat in fact was so intense that all training was suspended during the middle of the day, the parades being fixed from 6 a.m. to 11 a.m. and from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m.

The only recreations open to the troops were to visit the scene of the battlefield and to go to a small village about three

miles across the plain, where the irrigation had brought the beneficent water to the edge of the desert and where glorious crops of barley and *beerseem* were to be seen and where the native life of the Egyptian peasantry was best observed. We were fortunate in being able to observe the Egyptian in his primitive condition. Most travellers take their view of Egyptian life and customs from Cairo; but life in the villages is very different and much more attractive and pleasant. Most of the children had not seen white men and ran away from us like frightened hares. I met a most interesting Moroccan in the village, a very superior type, a sincere Mohammedan, apparently the chief villager, who spoke English quite fluently and was greatly trusted by the natives. He had a factory for grinding corn and used a small but very effective Crossley engine. He told us much about the life of the Egyptians, their social customs and their religious rites. I asked him many questions and, pointing to a harem that was not far

away, asked if that institution was now approved by the Mohammedan religion. He said, "It is a matter for each man to settle for himself; but good man only has one wife; not good man may have up to four." Mahomet, it may be remembered, had four wives after the death of Khadidja. These wives are, however, faithful to their lord and master, and, although wives may according to Mohammedanism be divorced easily, the villager told me they are entitled to have their dowry returned to them.

During the intervals between drill I had ample opportunities for reading. Literary material of the modern kind was not plentiful. I therefore filled in my time by perusing the Old Testament, copies of which had been plentifully supplied throughout the camps by the Red Cross Society. It proved extremely interesting, first because we were in the very places so graphically depicted by the sacred authors, secondly because, although the world's history had changed, the

conditions under which we lived in the desert did not seem to have altered appreciably from that of the Israelites, and thirdly because I learnt that many of the things we consider to be modern were known and practised in the days of Joseph. The Ancients, for instance, suffered terribly, as we did, from flies and other pests. Our tents had to be darkened to keep out these pests, and I have seen millions poisoned by a fluid supplied by the quartermaster without apparently decreasing the supply in the slightest respect. After one experiment I decided that the live fly was preferable to the dead one. In what respect, therefore, were we different from the plague sent by the Lord to Pharaoh as related in Exodus ?

"I will send swarms of flies upon thee and upon thy servants and upon thy people and upon thy houses; and the houses of the Egyptians shall be full of swarms of flies and also the ground whereon they are. . . . And the land was corrupted by reason of the swarm of flies."

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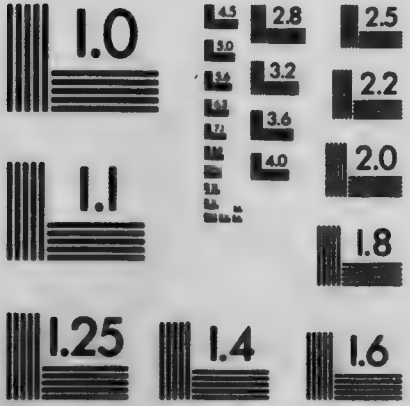


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I also learnt that the system of cultivation known to so many Australians as "share-farming" had been initiated and practised by the first great land monopolist and corn-merchant of history—Joseph. In the midst of the seven years of famine Pharaoh's minister showed great foresight and courage.

"Joseph bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; for the Egyptian sold every man his field because the famine prevailed over them; so the land became Pharaoh's.

"Then Joseph said unto the people: Behold I have bought you this day and your land for Pharaoh; lo, here is seed for you and ye shall sow the land, and it shall come to pass in the increase that ye shall give the fifth part unto Pharaoh and four parts shall be your own for seed of the field and for your food and your little ones.

"And Pharaoh made it a law over the land of Egypt unto this day that Pharaoh shall have the fifth part . . . and Israel dwelt in the land of Egypt and they had

possessions therein and grew and multiplied exceedingly."

Camp life in the desert was not very pleasant and our future movements were uncertain. "Furphies" again became numerous and varied. One moment our regiment was to cross the Canal into Arabia; next we were off to Mesopotamia, and finally it was certain we were to go to France. Possibilities, amongst Australians, are always resolved into wagers, who have never realized the truth of Byron's lines that

> Men till by experience rendered sager
> Will back their own opinions with a wager.

And so I heard wagers of all degrees of odds being freely exchanged. The A.S.C. and Ordnance usually set the market, as their knowledge is always presumed to be first hand. When the A.S.C. told the quartermaster that Indian helmets were to be on issue it was assumed that we were off to Mesopotamia; if the helmets were

to be called in the odds immediately favour France as our next move. And so the odds changed according to the information. One thing, however, seemed reasonably certain, that the Light Horse—to which I belonged—appeared to have very little prospect of seeing a battle front, and it was generally thought they would act as a patrol and a guard on the Canal. They had had one "stunt" against the Senussi, but at Gallipoli they had served as infantry. The prospects of the excitement of battle therefore seemed very remote. How completely facts falsified all our opinions! The Light Horse were subsequently destined to do wonderful work at Kantara, Katiah, El Arish, Romani, Gaza, and finally Palestine. But at the time I speak of—April, 1916—the almost unanimous impression was that there was little likelihood of any useful work being allotted to the Light Horse. Applications had been called for transfer to the Artillery, and the Generals had addressed the men asking them to join

that branch of the service. There was of course a good response, as the Australians were all very anxious about having a "go" and were chafing at the enforced monotonous life in the desert. I had, like almost all who consented to transfer, no artillery experience, but most officers were afforded an opportunity to go to Officers' schools that had been established and learn gunnery. The majority of the schools for Officers had, however, completed their course, so I applied and was accepted for the 5th Divisional Ammunition Column.

One of the changes made in this War was an alteration in the functions of the D.A.C., which was, in future, to supply ammunition direct to the guns instead of to the Artillery brigades, and this of course made the work more interesting and exciting, as we were to find subsequently in France.

Whilst training with the 5th D.A.C. we were stationed at Ferry Post, on the other side of the Suez Canal and on the edge of the great Arabian Desert. It was a most inhospitable region; interminable miles

of sand quite waterless and without a redeeming feature. Not even weeds could thrive, the only native thing being a few emaciated wild dogs, and all water had to be supplied from the works at Ismalia on the Egyptian side of the Canal.

It was anticipated that the Turk would attack, or at least make raids upon, the Canal, and so a comprehensive scheme of trenches was prepared at Ferry Post, Serapeum, and other points along the Red Sea or the Canal. This was done by the order of Lord Kitchener who, it is alleged, when he found that no defences had been placed on the Arabian side of the Canal, very sternly said to the G.O.C., "I thought you were protecting the Canal; not the Canal protecting you." So the work proceeded apace, and trenches were constructed quite forty miles out and an effective defensive scheme carried out. This required an expenditure of great energy. Thousands of niggers were employed in breaking stone to make roads and to provide ballast for the railways. As

they worked they emitted a long monotonous chant not unlike the noise made by the Australian aborigine.

Generally speaking, life at Ferry Post was exceedingly monotonous. Elementary Artillery drill was our chief occupation, but the duty of watering horses and mules twice a day was one of the principal events. All the animals—and there must have been thousands amongst the various units—had to be led in columns a distance of about two miles. The incessant traffic soon converted the sand into a very fine dust, and between the heat, the flies, and the dust the journeys were not always pleasant, but the break in the monotony of the day made the trips not unacceptable. Camels, of course, were extensively used in carrying materials, and it is difficult to know how ordinary commerce or operations could have been carried out without these "ships of the desert." They are wonderfully useful animals, but their habits and dispositions are not the subject of general admiration. The general

impression of the camel is summed up in the remark that there is only one thing more offensive than a live camel and that is a dead camel. The horse has a studied aversion to this animal, but familiarity soon altered this, although we usually had two distinct watering places—one for horses and one for camels, the latter being supposed to contaminate the water by depositing germs.

The only recreation afforded us was a visit to Ismalia, a pretty little town built by French influence on the opposite side of the Canal and facing Lake Timsah. The Egyptian headquarters of the Suez Canal Company are at Ismalia, which is one of the most interesting towns in Egypt. It is half ancient, half modern, the former consisting of what is called in Egypt "the native quarter," the latter being the business and residential part of the French settlers, chiefly employees of "the Company." The French Club is the chief social rendezvous and is, like most important buildings in Ismalia, the property

of the Company. Soon after the outbreak of War the club was open to British officers and was readily and freely availed of. My chief recollections of the Club were firstly, as in all French centres, the excellence of the *cuisine*, the bare-faced robbery of the principal black waiter, and some of the notices on the walls of the club. We have all heard of the polite warning given in certain parts of the Far West, "Gentlemen are requested not to steal the spoons," and I recollect one of the notices posted in a prominent place in the French Club read as follows: "It is recalled to the Officers that it is expressly forbidden to take away from the *cercle* objects of any kind belonging to it such as plates, furniture, counters, etc. Signed: Le Comité."

Apparently the Club Committee were of opinion that certain Officers' Messes had acquired these necessary accessories, and even the polite French members of the club had found it advisable to make this inhibition.

The two outstanding events of our life

at Ferry Post were the review of the troops by the G.O.C., Sir Archibald Murray, and the religious services on Sundays, both of which occurred shortly before our departure for France. The latter were held in the open air and were always well attended.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS COMPANIONS AT THE PYRAMIDS.

## *Cairo and the Pyramids*

"Nay certainly I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramids are very good things."

*Antony and Cleopatra.*

I WAS fortunate enough, after being in camp some time to get the customary leave to visit Cairo. The railway journey, once you leave the desert, is pleasant and most instructive. The trains run about forty miles an hour and the railway arrangements are very fair.

Cairo consists of two parts, the old and the new, but both are distinctly Oriental. In one part of the new portion, for instance, I saw a flock of twenty sheep outside one of the leading shops, while the natives milk their cows at many of the street corners. The hotels are excellent, nearly all the laborious work being done by natives, the clerical and other work being carried out chiefly by French men

and women. Shepheard's Hotel is, of course, one of the most unique and historic in the world. It was here that Napoleon stayed during his famous Egyptian campaign and here the great General Kleber was murdered.

Cairo itself is comparatively modern, dating only from the tenth century, and is but a city of yesterday compared with Memphis, Thebes, and Heliopolis, and many other cities which the eternal sands buried many centuries ago. It had also the disadvantage of being quite modernized and being a haven for the casual tourist from all parts of the earth. As a result it is infested with hordes of guides, donkey-boys, interpreters, dragomen, and dealers in sham antiquities.

Cairo is built upon the Nile, and the history of the Nile is the history of Egypt; indeed the history of the world since the twilight of the Universe. No part of the earth supplies such a wealth of ancient associations. Its interest is not, of course, as great as Rome or Athens; but it is

much more ancient than either and it is inextricably woven up with them, while its antiquity will always be its chief charm. One has only to know that Euclid lived and taught in those ancient days to imagine the intellectual influence which ancient Egypt exercised upon the minds and history of mankind. And upon the rich and broad surface of the Nile, its tributaries, and along its banks many of the great events of the Old World were enacted.

"Egypt is the gift of the Nile"—not merely the water, but also the soil and fertilizers being brought down by the flood waters of Abyssinia. It is the largest and most remarkable river in the world. Its sources lie thousands of miles away—in the great equatorial regions of Lakes Victoria Nyanza, and Albert Nyanza, into which countless numbers of streams and flood waters flow. The river sources from the northern end of Lake Victoria flows into Lake Albert and finally parts into two great divisions, the White and

the Blue Nile; but for a distance of 200 miles to the sea the mighty stream does not receive a single tributary—the immense Soudan through which it passes being almost rainless. The huge lakes act as natural reservoirs, and so the water runs down gradually and steadily all the year round, the Abyssinian rains being the cause of the "rise" or "flood" in the stream. The enormously rich soil of the delta is brought down from the mud of the Abyssinian tributaries, the mountains in that country being very rich and in many cases extinct volcanoes.

The irrigation system is, of course, the great feature of Egypt and the cause of its fertility and wealth. One of the ancient Caliphs gave this advice to his Viceroy, "Beware of money-lenders and devote one-third of thy income to making canals." The canals which reticulate the delta at all points not only bring moisture, but great fertilizing properties. The waters are banked up till about the middle of August. Then, as the river rises, the

banks are cut and the water let into canals, the gates or doorways permitting just sufficient to pass on to the land. The land is flooded for a fixed period and the surplus is returned into the main stream. The main engineering scheme to effect this great purpose is the Assouan dam, which is about a mile and a quarter in length, but has more than a hundred gates and cost over £2,000,000.

From the very earliest times an extensive system of irrigation has been in operation in Egypt. The utilization of the waters is, of course, an absolute necessity. The usual rainfall of Cairo is only two inches, so that despite the richness of the land the whole country would be a complete desert if the Nile waters were not banked and utilized. The great barrage is fifteen miles from Cairo. It is a huge dam, built at the point where the two great branches of the Nile divide before they start their journey to the Mediterranean. The wall is nearly two miles in length. It conserves the water during the

" low " Nile, so that a huge area otherwise quite unproductive is now brought under intense cultivation. The barrage was originally the idea of Napoleon, but his armies having failed to conquer Egypt it was not carried out until the reign of Mahomet Ali. The Egyptian ruler's first engineers, however, had not made the foundations secure, and it was not till 1885 that Sir Colin Moncrieff strengthened the whole structure and made it its present success.

Most Australians were astounded at the very elementary agricultural methods employed in such an enormously rich country. Labour, of course, is extremely cheap and the holdings are so small that modern ploughs are an unnecessary luxury. I saw many single wooden ploughs, similar to those used by the Ancient Egyptians and drawn by a donkey, a camel, or a cow. The harvesting is done by hand and the threshing carried out by a curious instrument drawn by oxen. The chief product of Egypt is cotton, the only two

countries which rival it being the United States and India, but America produces about ten times and India twice as much as Egypt.

Every Australian soldier's first desire on reaching Cairo is to see the Pyramids. Very few of them had ever dreamed, in their wildest imagination, that they would ever see them—except on the cinema—yet, strangely enough, the original Australian troops were camped at Mena, where they could see them every day. It was certainly a wonderful experience. They had read of the extraordinary origin and marvellous construction of these great structures and of the fables associated with them, and now their "knowledge" was supplemented by still weirder stories supplied by the native guides. These dusky historians always endeavoured to show that the Pyramids had some occult origin, but it has been established that they are simply the royal tombs of the ancient Pharaohs. Cairo is not unique in its possession of pyramids. They are to

be seen all over Egypt, but the two outstanding examples are those which lie in the desert about six miles from Cairo and which are reached by a good road between a row of "lebbek" trees. Their history is entrancing. They are built of limestone taken from the Mokattan quarries in the hills of that name on the other side of the Nile, the casing being slabs of polished granite. The measurement of the chief Pyramid is 451 feet in height, each side being 755 feet long at the base, the whole covering 535,824 feet, and it is estimated that the stones of the building would be sufficient to make a wall four feet high and one foot thick round the whole of France. Its construction is so mathematically correct that notwithstanding its great age not the slightest sign of any settlement can be detected.

We made the ascent to the top, or close to it, with the assistance of two Arab "gaffirs," one of whom hauled and the other hoisted each of our party. There was, of course, no danger, but the weather

was hot and we were besieged with native men and boys offering water and eternally calling "Bakshcesh, baksheesh." From the summit there is a magnificent view of the Nile, the numberless irrigation channels and of Cairo, with its beautiful minarets and mosques. At sunset the scene is most entrancing, the rose and violet tints of the sun spreading all over the city and desert. Whilst resting several of the Arabs offered to race down the first and up the second Pyramid, a journey which occupies only ten minutes.

The interior of the Great Pyramid is most interesting. We descended a gallery of about sixty feet into a passage leading to the Great Gallery and from thence to the Queen's Chamber, from thence to the King's Chamber, where the sarcophagus of red granite which contains the remains of the Pharaoh Cheops rests. It was in a little chamber not far away that the name of the King Cheops was found to be engraved in red hieroglyphics.

The second Pyramid, called Khefren (a

brother of Cheops) is only slightly smaller than the first. A great French antiquarian, Maspero, states: —"According to tradition, neither Cheops nor Khefren occupied the tomb that they had prepared at the cost of so much labour and suffering, the exasperated people revolted, snatched their bodies out of the sarcophagi and tore them to pieces."

The third is only about one-third the size of the first and is called "Mykerinos," and contained the sarcophagus of the Ancient Queen for many centuries, but at present all that remains are a few fragments of blue basalt.

A tremendous lot of controversy has been expended by Orientalists as to the origin and object of the pyramids. Maspero, the great authority on the subject, gives a vivid description of this extraordinary work. "Even sacred history knows little or nothing of the men of the generation of Cheops; simply that they lived, became fathers, and died. And notwithstanding all this, the pyramid of

Cheops dominates still its height from the sand of the desert, the sepulchral whiteness of its blocks of minaulite spreading itself towards the burning sun, its immense shadow throws itself across the sterile plain which surrounds it when the decline of day comes to darken the maize and barley fields of Ghizeh."

Cheops compelled all Egyptians to work for him; to some was assigned the task of dragging the huge blocks of stone from the opposite side of the Nile, the blocks at one time being sent in boats, to others was allotted the task of dragging similar blocks as far as the Libyan Chain.

The work was done in batches of one hundred thousand men, who were relieved every three months by a batch of the same number, that time being required for the coming and going of the workers. Ten years were occupied in making the road upon which they dragged the blocks, work to all appearance very little inferior to that of the pyramid itself, as its length was 925 metres, its width 19 metres, and

its greatest deviation 15 metres. The whole of the stones were shaped and covered with figures. They took ten years to construct this road and underground chambers and passages dug in the hills where the pyramids now stand.

To the ordinary tourist it seems extraordinary how such an immense and mathematically correct structure could be erected in those days and with the implements available. The solution is apparently still a question of doubt. The earliest writer, Herodotus, gives the most probable account of the First Pyramid.

"This pyramid was built in the form of steps. . . . When they had built it in this manner, they raised the remaining stones by machines made of short pieces of wood, having lifted them from the ground to the first range of steps. When the stone arrived there it was put on another machine that stood ready on the first range, and from this it was drawn to the second range on another machine, for the machines were equal in number to the

ranges of steps; or they removed the machine, which was only one and portable, to each range in succession, whenever they wished to raise the stone higher."

The building of the First Pyramid took twenty years—not a very long period for such a work in those times, even allowing that 100,000 workmen were employed, as there are 2,300,000 blocks in the pyramid, of an average weight of two and a half tons.

Poets have written, scientists have delved, and volumes have been written about the great Sphinx which rests at the foot of the First Pyramid. It has now been settled that it is an image of an Egyptian deity, Hamarchis, the God of Morning. It is hewn out of the solid rock, the body being 140 feet in length, and the head 30 feet in length and 14 feet in width. When originally carved the Sphinx must have been a very fair and symmetrical representation of a human face, but Mohammedan and other fanatics on various occasions have so destroyed

the outlines that it now has a hideous and grotesque appearance. Kingslake's description admirably conveys the impression the Sphinx makes upon the ordinary traveller. "And near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation; and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lips should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world; and Christian girls of Coptic

blood will look on you with the sad serious gaze and kiss your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphinx."

At the foot of the Sphinx is the cemetery of the ancient Egyptian kings, known as "Campbell's Tomb," being called after a British Consul-General who represented England in Egypt at the time of its discovery.

## *The Citadel, the Mosques, and Bazaars*

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety." *Antony and Cleopatra.*

WHAT Australian camped at Mena or visiting Cairo on leave from Tel-el-Kebir or Serapeum has not seen the Citadel? This great fortress, situated on one of the highest points overlooking Cairo, was built by Saladin, but is indelibly associated with the name of Mahomet Ali, who has not inaptly been called "The Napoleon of Egypt." Although primarily a fortress to protect Cairo there are comprised within its walls a palace, a number of mosques, a prison, an arsenal and hospital. The guide who showed me over the Citadel described more or less (chiefly less) accurately the principal event associated with the fortress —the terrible massacre of the Beys by

Mahomet Ali in 1811. The principal sight of the Citadel pointed out by the guides is the "Bey's Leap," an event which arouses as much controversy as the Australian poet Lindsay Gordon's exploit at the Blue Lake, Mount Gambier, except that the former was quite impossible. Warburton (who is a safer authority than the guides) thus described the "Bey's Leap."

"The Beys came mounted on their finest horses, in magnificent uniforms, forming the most superb cavalry in the world. After a very flattering reception from the Pasha, they were requested to parade in the court of the Citadel. They entered the fortification unsuspectingly—the portcullis fell behind the last of the proud procession and a moment's glance revealed to them their doom. They dashed forward—in vain! before, behind, around them, nothing was visible but blank pitiless walls and barred windows; the only opening was towards the bright blue sky, even that was soon darkened by

their funeral pile of smoke, as volley after volley flashed from a thousand muskets behind the ramparts upon this defenceless and devoted band. Startling and fearfully sudden as was their death, they met it as became their fearless character—some with arms crossed upon their mailed bosoms, and turbaned heads devoutly bowed in prayer, some with flashing swords and fierce curses, alike unavailing against their dastard and ruthless foe. All that chivalrous and splendid throng save one sank rapidly beneath the deadly fire into a red and writhing mass—that one was Emin Bey. He spurred his charger over a heap of his slaughtered comrades and sprang upon the battlements. It was a dizzy height, but the next moment he was in the air—another and he was disengaging himself from his crushed and dying horse amid a shower of bullets. He escaped and found safety in the sanctuary of a mosque and ultimately in the deserts of the Thebaid."

The unfortunate part of Warburton's story is that the Bey, having been warned of the Sultan's intention did not attend the Sultan's "function" but took a wiser course and flew to Syria.

The most fascinating of all the sights of Cairo is the wonderful Egyptian museum which contains the greatest and most wonderful collection of antiquities in the world. Many of the exhibits are, of course, very crude as works of art, the human figures bearing no likeness to what must have been the outlines of men and women in those days; but many are anatomically perfect; especially the statue of Khefren the builder of the second Pyramid. It was found in the granite temple of Chizeh, which so many Australians had visited. Amongst the exhibits is a collection of enamelled mosque-lamps, taken from the various mosques of Cairo, and it is said there are only one hundred of these lamps in existence. The mummies are, of course, the chief

attraction. The method of preservation appears to have become one of the lost arts, both as regards the sun-dried sand-preserved body which is quite distinct from the true mummy. The earlier mummies were not very skilfully done, and when unwrapped dissolved into dust, but later, when the religious belief in after life became strengthened, more scientific methods were employed. The systems employed varied, but the most authentic is said to be as follows: The body was soaked in a weak solution of natural soda, after which the softened and dissolved flesh was as far as possible removed (from within) from the limbs and trunk. This was done by squeezing. Before immersion in this bath the brains were removed through the nose, and the intestines and internal organs withdrawn, except the heart, through an incision in the side. These were wrapped with spices and preservatives and placed in the four jars. The body was finally stuffed out to as natural a shape as possible with

mud and rags, or spices, sawdust, and scented gums. Great skill was often exercised in stuffing the fingers with rods through an incision in the arm. Care was taken by ties or caps to prevent the hair and nails from being loosened and lost in the bath. The cheeks were padded out and sometimes painted, as well as the eyebrows and eyelashes, and artificial eyes (painted stones, onions, or better imitations) were placed in the sockets.

A most interesting feature of Cairo's sights are the mosques. The Arabs say, as of the churches of Rome, that there is one for every day in the year. The majority of them are extremely trumpery structures and are now in ruins. The principal features of a mosque are firstly the open court with a fountain in the middle which the Moslems use for ablutions, and which is usually surrounded by a covered cloister. The sacred portion is, like the choir of a Christian cathedral, screened off from the rest of the building,

the reason being that the tomb of the founder is usually placed there. In the centre of this sanctuary is the niche showing the direction of Mecca and the pulpit. The courtyard is usually surrounded by four arches, as in the Sultan Hassan mosque; and the court is sometimes covered by a dome, as in the Mohammed Ali mosque. The Sultan Hassan mosque is certainly the most striking of all the mosques of Cairo, and is of vast proportions, having cost over £600,000. In addition to being a place of religious worship it has been used as a place of resort by political opponents of the Government. The body of the Sultan Hassan, who suffered a not uncommon form of disease in Egypt—assassination—was buried here in A.D. 1361. The "Blue-tiled Mosque" (Ibrahim Agha) derives its name from the colour of the tiles with which it is decorated. The El-Azhar mosque, in addition to being a place of prayer, is the largest Moslem University in the world, dating from the tenth

century, and now has 300 professors and 11,000 students. The latter repeat the verses of the Koran in an extraordinary monotonous dirge, swaying their bodies from side to side, this being not merely a religious custom, but the motion is supposed to be an aid to memory.

Cairo is celebrated for its bazaars, and the Mooski, where much of the bargaining is carried out, is one of the most interesting places in the Fgyptian capital. I was told to trust a guide that was recommended to me, but I found that, although he seemed to haggle excitedly with the seller for a lower price, he had entered into arrangement with him and received a commission on the sale. The vendor quotes his prices according to what he thinks he can obtain from each buyer without any regard for fair dealing or consistency, and almost all those who go to the bazaars find that they have been victimized by either the vendor or the guide, very frequently by both. It is only an expert who can tell the difference

between the genuine and the sham; between the articles made by hand by the Egyptian and the one made in Birmingham or Germany. Apart altogether from bargaining the bazaars are most interesting and truly Oriental. Every nationality and every variety and colour of costume is represented. You see Turks dressed in gaudy colours riding on mules, the Fellah (Egyptian farmer) with blue "Kaftans," Bedouins from the desert, massive negroes from the Soudan, Greek, Jews, and Albanians mingling with British and Australian soldiers in khaki. At intervals the native water-carrier (lakkah) with his goatskin of Nile water, and Egyptian ladies of various castes wearing their yashmak pass along, all anxious to buy or sell their wares. It is all most entrancing, especially to Australians quite unfamiliar with Oriental life, its character and customs.

The Heliopolis which the Australian soldier knows is quite distinct from the ancient city which bore the same name. It

is only six miles from Cairo. The present city is, of course, essentially modern, with every present-day convenience; in fact it owes its origin to the syndicate which in 1906 obtained a concession from the Egyptian Government for the purpose of building a desert pleasure city, with somewhat similar objects to Monte Carlo. The site was, of course, an absolute desert, but the company soon converted this into a very fine garden city. The Palace Hotel is one of the largest and most remarkable hotels in the world, containing 500 rooms; but on the outbreak of war it was taken over as a hospital and many a wounded Gallipoli soldier was tended there. There are, of course, extremely fine churches, palaces, and mosques, but there is nothing whatever antique about the town, and there is something incongruous in such an entirely modern city amidst all the Oriental surroundings of Cairo and its environs. There are, nevertheless, some very interesting associations attached to the original Heliopolis.

It was from here that "Cleopatra's Needle," which now stands on the London Embankment, was taken. Before its removal to its present site the famous obelisk stood before the ancient Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. Not more than a mile away, at Matarieh, lies the "Virgin's Tree" and the "Virgin's Well." According to tradition the Virgin Mary is said to have rested after the flight from Herod into Egypt at this spot, under a sycamore tree, which, however, decayed and fell in 1906. Unfortunately for the tradition the tree was proved to have been not more than three hundred years old, although it was probably planted on the site of an older tree. In order to satisfy the globe-trotter, who always insisted on having a portion of the original tree cut to take away as a souvenir, the Egyptian owner planted another tree close by, and a "genuine relic" was therefore still to be obtained. The Virgin's Well, however, has not, like the tree, disappeared, and there is a pretty legend that the well

which was formerly salt became immediately fresh when the Holy Child was bathed in it. Certain it is that while most of the wells of the Nile delta are brackish this one, being fed from springs, is quite fresh.

## *Egyptian Guides, their Methods and Religion*

England can be attacked and mortally wounded by land from Europe only in one place—Egypt.

Paul Robobach.

Every Australian who visits Egypt is well acquainted with the "dragoman" or guide, who is seen outside every hotel and who seems to have a particular preference for the Australian and a special regard for his money. According to the scriptural comment "All men are liars," but the Egyptian guide is upon a plane of his own in that respect. I was walking outside Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo one morning, and was accosted by a smartly dressed Egyptian as follows: "Good morning, sir. I square-dinkum Moses. I show Colonel Johnson of Australia Cairo . d he say no better guide in Egypt. ' e guides charge five shillings. I charge

nothing. I show you everything, you give me what you like."

This confident trust in my generosity appealed to me. I anticipated, of course, the inevitable argument when settling time came, but my leave was short and I could not pick and choose. I jumped into a "garry" and proceeded with him to see the sights. We first saw the Pyramids. I climbed to the top and descended to listen to a very energetic conversation between four persons, the Pasha, who had the right to impose a tax upon visitors to the Pyramids, two natives (one of them pulled me up the slippery ascent, the other prevented me from falling in the other direction)—all of whom seemed to claim a share of the spoils. I pleaded blank ignorance of the language, told them that square-dinkum Moses was my representative, and left them to mutter what appeared to me curses.

The argument over, the guide descanted upon the iniquities of the Pasha,

and insisted that I should see the mosques and bazaars, so we returned to Cairo. On the road he showed that he had acquired the Australian vernacular. He remarked that the view from the top of the Pyramids was "bonza," and that everybody in Egypt "love Australians." When we got to the Hassam Mosque the guide entered upon its history and its wonderful beauty. It was so beautiful, he said, that Hassam was determined that no other building should ever rival it. "Hassam, he cut off arms of architect so that he never build one more such lovely mosque." The mosque of Mahomet Ali was similarly described, "Mahomet Ali very cruel man, the dome so good he cut out artist's eyes so he never make another."

At the famous Citadel and in the mosques I was shown the exact place where Napoleon's artillery had battered the walls, though the guns of that great artillery officer had never been near them.

It was my fortune to meet later another guide—a small boy at Ismalia—who had also acquired the Oriental habit of saying anything to please and interest his patron irrespective of its accuracy. His description of the town was so contrary to what I had read that I told him he must be telling a lie. "No, sir," he replied, "me never tell lie. Me give twenty piastres every month to learn English. Me pay all money from Australian to my father, who will be good to me in the future. My teacher say 'If I tell truth God will protect me from all my enemies.'" Despite these assurances, however, he told me a pack of lies that would have done credit to his older and more experienced competitors in Cairo.

The guide is not the only pest in Egypt. The seller of alleged antiques, many of which are made in modern European factories, is a formidable rival. After leaving the famous Egyptian Museum, one of these gentry offered me a mosaic, a replica of the tomb of Rameses the Great.

I assumed an attitude of indifference. He said, "I sell it for 10s., mister," I replied, "No good, too much," and jumped into the garry and turned round towards him. "I sell it for 5s." No answer being given—"I sell for 2s.," and just as the garry moved off "I sell for 1s.," were the last words I heard.

These guides are nevertheless true Mohammedans, and my Cairo guide had made the pilgrimage with the Holy Carpet (Mahmel) to Mecca. He told me that every true believer in the Prophets is bound to make one pilgrimage to Mecca either personally or by proxy in the course of his life. The pilgrimage of the Holy Carpet from Cairo to Mecca usually furnishes this opportunity, and sometimes 200,000 Moslems visit Mecca during the season. I learnt afterwards that at first outbreak of war the pilgrimage was suspended, but it was thought for reasons of State that the Mohammedans should be allowed to resume their ancient prerogative, and during the year I was in Egypt it was

revived. The event is religious on the part of the Egyptians; political on the part of the British. The former consider it an essential part of their ancient rites; the latter encourage and finance it to show their sympathy with the free exercise of the faith of the natives. The send-off of the Holy Carpet in 1916 was exceptionally interesting. Owing to war exigencies there was an exceptionally strong military escort of Egyptian troops, and the Sultan and Sir Archibald Murray, the Commander of the British Egyptian troops, were present at the ceremony.

Curiously enough the holy "Carpet" is not a carpet at all, and the whole history of the events results in disillusionment. Mr. S. H. Leader, in the "Veiled Mysteries of Egypt," writes: "How it ever came by such a name could not be imagined. In reality it is the outer cover of the Kaaba, and the name "Carpet" is never applied to it by any but Europeans, who persist in so naming it, and—what is curious—at the same time think that the

Mahmel, which is a camel palanquin, really goes to Mecca with a carpet inside it, and brings it back to Cairo. There is no return of any carpet to Cairo. Tourists who think they are seeing the Holy Carpet's return see only the Mahmel coming back, as it were, quite empty. It would be better to speak of "Holy Curtains," of which there are eight used in the complete covering of the Kaaba. There are seventy men employed in this place (an ancient Arab house where the "Carpet" is woven every year) and each has a robe of cream colour with a small pattern in old gold. These robes are worn for the procession when the Mahmel and the curtains go before the Khedive. The sacred camels have nothing whatever to do with taking the Carpet, just as the Mahmel has no connection with the Carpet. The Mahmel dates from the thirteenth century, when the first Mahmel was made by order of Queen Shargaret El-Dorr for the pilgrimage she intended to make. The following year she sent the empty

palanquin as a symbol of Egypt, and from this the annual custom grew up."

The chief object of veneration at Mecca is the black stone which every pilgrim feels it his duty to touch. The number of worshippers during so many centuries is so great that the stone, originally square, from incessant touching has become quite concave in shape. The pilgrim then goes round the Kaaba seven times, after each of the five prayers of the day, reciting the prescribed prayers. He then proceeds to Mount Ararat, on the road to which are the statues of the great, the second and the third great Satan, at each of which the pilgrim throws pebbles, an operation called stoning the devil. On the day before the feast the caravan reaches the foot of Mount Ararat. Late in the afternoon the Mahmel moves to the slope of the mountain and the Cadi of Mecca on his camel makes a sermon which lasts till sunset. On the following morning the pilgrims move on to Muna and sacrifices are made, and the pilgrims then change

their "ihram" for their ordinary clothes. The visit to Mecca over, the true believer goes to Medina, where he visits its holy places, including the Prophet's house and the baki where the tombs of the wives of the Prophet are.

As soon as these visits are made the pilgrims turn their faces homewards, and those who belong to the middle and lower class decorate the fronts of their homes with pictures by native artists representing lions and other fierce animals the pilgrims are supposed to have met with in the Arabian desert and slain. The pilgrims of the lower classes are generally met by their relatives and friends at the railway station and taken home in processions, not dissimilar to those of brides taken to their husbands, with bands playing and the pilgrims mounted on horseback.

Mecca is selected for the pilgrimage because it was in that city that Mahomet was born A.D. 581. The prophet was partly a Christian, having been taught for some

time in the hermitage of a Christian monk, but he was also a warrior of the ecstatic type, and certainly a shrewd man of business. He married, when twenty-five years old, a rich widow of forty, and when he himself reached the latter age he commenced to receive " revelations " from the Archangel Gabriel and resolved to restore to Arabia the religion he believed to be that of the patriarch Abraham. Later he declared that he had been sent by Allah to be the spiritual chief of all men. In those days (as in these by some nations) it was considered necessary to induce people to change their faith by a display of military force, and so Mahomet resolved and succeeded in conquering Egypt and the Empires of Greece and Persia.

Mahomet's power to-day, however, rests upon the Koran, which is the Bible of his followers. It is divided into six thousand chapters and, according to the explanations of Mussulmen, each of these chapters were brought from Allah to

Mahomet himself by the Archangel Gabriel. Mahomet himself declares that he received them in a grotto on the Mount of Horeb near Mecca and communicated them to his followers. After his death his successor called together all those who had visited the Prophet in his ecstasies and commanded them to record them. Some of the followers had written their messages on palm leaves or on the shoulders of camels or sheep, and it was not long before many variations and contradictions became apparent, so the Khalif Omar, having directed a revision of the Koran, caused all "false" copies to be burnt and the present expurgated version is that now accepted and believed in by all true disciples.

The only tangible modern advantage of the teaching of Mohammedanism is that it imposes upon its followers the necessity of cleanliness, but unfortunately this is only practised at religious ceremonies. Mahomet demanded that before each prayer the body should be washed and

that the faithful should also wash before entering the mosque, "the nostrils, three times; the mouth, three times; the face, twice." The personal appearance of the average Egyptian I met would not suggest he was a frequent visitor to the mosques.

## *We depart from Egypt into France*

"I have surely visited you and seen that which is done unto you. . . . I will bring you out of the affliction of Egypt."

EXODUS.

VERY few Australians were sorry when the order to proceed overseas came. They had seen most of the sights of Cairo; they were sick and tired of the perpetual monotony of camp life in the desert. The 5th Division were still at Ferry Post and we moved to Moascar, not far from Ismalia, preparatory to entraining to Alexandria. A division nominally consists of 20,000 troops, and it is not an easy task to make the necessary train and other arrangements for such a large number of men. But the Egyptian climate at night in summer is very pleasant and, though we left in open trucks and were very crowded, there was not much discomfort.

We had, of course, bully beef and bread, and our water-bottles had been filled with tea.

Alexandria was reached early in the morning and we had a splendid view of the irrigated country of the delta with its rich crops and of the lakes which lay to the south of the town. Alexandria was formerly the capital of Egypt. It was named after Alexander the Great, who in the casual way of conquerors of those days left it to Ptolemy, one of his lieutenants who had saved his life. Under the new monarch it became not only the political but also the commercial and industrial capital of Egypt, and reached its zenith during the reigns of Cæsar and Cleopatra about 30 B.C. Every student of literature who has read Shakespeare's drama, "Antony and Cleopatra," has learned the story of how the great Roman senator gave up his life and prospects in the Eternal City to become the slave of her of whom he had said "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Cleopatra was certainly a very indiscriminate queen. She allied herself first to Julius Cæsar and later to Antony. "In order to captivate Antony," says a charming writer, "she passed before him in a galley with oars of silver, sails of silk, and purple; she stretched herself on a couch under a golden canopy, adorned as Venus surrounded with women representing nymphs and young men figured as Cupids. It was in reality Venus coming to seek Bacchus. After the death of Antony she, still extremely beautiful, elegant, and very learned, endeavoured to bewitch Octavius in like manner, but where the soldier and hero had succumbed the politician was invulnerable. Seeing that the task was impossible, and dreading to become the laughing-stock of her people, she committed suicide. She commanded that an asp should be brought to her palace concealed in a basket of figs. This asp bit her in the breast and she was soon after found dead, clothed in her royal garment."

Alexandria is somewhat different to most Egyptian towns. It is cleaner and has a much larger European population. Most of us had a few hours' leave and were able to see something of its sights, including the Bourse, where I saw excited brokers dealing in cotton "futures" in much the same way as at our own wool sales. The dealers all speak French and a few German. The wharves were very busy and very extensive, most of the cotton and other products of Egypt finding their way to Europe through its harbour.

Fortunately for Great Britain there had been a great number of German steamers in port at the outbreak of war. These were, of course, seized by the British Government, and the "Huntsend" we were to embark in was one of them. Although its name had been changed and alterations effected, it retained essential German characteristics. Its gymnasium consisted of many devices novel to Australians, but very useful. There was a mechanical horse and a mechanical camel, both giving

movements like those animals. We could see that life on board ship was not to be unpleasant.

We left Alexandria on June 22nd, 1916, *en route* to Marseilles. The submarine menace was at its height in the Mediterranean, several large boats had recently been torpedoed, and every precaution had to be taken to prevent disaster in case of attack. The transports were split up into sections, a destroyer acting as convoy to each section; every man was given a lifebelt (which had to be carried during meal-times), a submarine guard was placed to keep a strict watch, and elaborate instructions given as to possible eventualities, all lights were extinguished except those inside the ship, the portholes were all closed and the glass darkened.

The sea passage through the Mediterranean was, however, exceptionally pleasant. The sea is of a delightfully blue colour, the climate is mild and bracing, and altogether we had quite a pleasant journey. The only untoward incident was

the sinking of a small Dutch boat by a submarine, but our transports were unable to go to its assistance. It was the favourite artifice of the Hun to sink a small boat in order to induce others to come round and so complete the work of destruction.

We made one stoppage on the voyage after three days out, and we were not sorry it was Malta. The island was familar by name to those who had read the story of Gallipoli—many of the wounded heroes of that magnificent but unfortunate enterprise having been landed there. We anchored in the Bay of Sirocco, but did not land, and had to be content to view the churches and castles which nestle upon the slopes of the island amidst clustering vineyards. Almost all on board, however, seized the opportunity of having a swim in the Mediterranean. The water is remarkably buoyant and though the sea is intensely blue the sea-bottom is perfectly white.

Malta is admittedly over-populated, the soil not being rich enough to support its

200,000 souls, although Great Britain spends £1,500,000 annually. Some time ago it was proposed that a portion of the surplus population should be absorbed in Australia. There are no great industries except lace-making, Malta being famous for the excellence of this industry. We stayed in the Bay of Sirocco for two days —the delay being accounted for by the presence of submarines outside, although no official confirmation was made of this fact, and we continued our journey along the North Coast of Africa, where we were just able to see Cape Bonn in Tunis.

We were soon at Marseilles. The entrance to the harbour is one of the sights of the world. The lovely range of hills, the picturesque promontories and the magnificent Cathedral towers, especially the colossal gilded figure of the Virgin Mary on the Church of Notre Dame de la Garde (visible many miles from shore), and the numerous quays all combine to give it a most entrancing appearance. The weather on the morning of our arrival—

at the end of June—was most delightful, the intense blue of sea and sky and the brightness and gaiety of the surroundings making our entry into France, through its chief port, a never-to-be-forgotten memory.

Marseilles has a most interesting history. It is the second city in France, with a population of 600,000 inhabitants. It is full of traditional stories, many of which rest upon o[illegible] historical basis. For instance, it is b[illegible]d that St. Mary Magdalene, St. Mart[illegible] and Lazarus, after fleeing from Palestine, landed at Marseilles shortly after the death of Christ, and were responsible for the introduction of Christianity in France. It is from here also that in 1892 the Revolutionary force were sent to Paris singing their famous war song, "The Marseillaise," which became first the hymn of the Revolution, and subsequently the National Anthem of France. The Cathedral, built of white and green stone, is one of the finest in the Republic. Near the Cathedral, and in

front of the Episcopal Palace, is a great statue to the noble and brave Bishop Belsunce who remained at his post during the terrible pestilence of 1720 when 40,000 people died of plague. In the local Art Gallery some of the finest French artists depict the horrors and awful ravages of the plague of that period.

The surrounding country and towns are typical of French life and well illustrate the gaiety and brightness of the French character and its history. At Toulon it was that Napoleon, then only an artillery lieutenant, drove the British fleet from the harbour, and at Avignon is the celebrated palace where seven popes resided during the troublous times experienced by the Church in the fourteenth century.

We remained at Marseilles two days and had an opportunity of visiting the city. It was quite novel to see white men and white women walking through the streets once again, after our Egyptian experience. What touched us most, how-

ever, was the extraordinary number of ladies wearing widows' weeds—our first introduction to the awful consequences of war. The French life also in the cities is different from ours. The cafés, hotels, kiosks, all open on to the street, and people sit and sip their coffee or liqueur under comfortable awnings, and watch and converse with the passers-by. It is a much more comfortable institution than the English and Australian one of having hotels and restaurants severely enclosed. The people, too, were very demonstrative and we had a wonderfully good reception.

As we journeyed from Marseilles across France to our destination at Le Havre we passed through some of the richest natural country I have ever seen. There is not, of course, the intense culture of Egypt, with its great system of irrigation; but the variety of crops, trees, shrubs and natural grasses makes the country much more picturesque. The country seemed more like a magnificent garden than ordinary cultivated land. The train passed

through very fine valleys and followed the course of the Rhône very closely, so that we had most interesting and varied views. It was the most delightful railway journey I have ever experienced.

Our first important break in the journey was at Lyons—one of the prettiest and most industrial towns of central France. The city is beautifully situated on the river, and the railway line runs for many miles upon the edge of the river and at the foot of extremely fine hills, clothed with magnificent timber and charming shrubberies. The river is broad in many places and the climate so invigorating that it was not surprising to see many rowing boats manned by powerfully built athletes. The history and the industries of Lyons bespeak the enterprise, skill, and intelligence of the people.

We had our first introduction to the members of the French Red Cross at Lyons. They arranged a very pleasant "spread" for us, most of them spoke excellent English, and their kindness and

courtesy created a very good impression and enabled us to form an estimate of the thoughtfulness, sprightliness, and devotion to country for which the French are so justly and delightfully distinguished.

After a day's journey we reached Rouen. Our introduction was not of the happiest. It was a grim presage of what we were destined to see, alas, too freely later on. As we slowly steamed into the station we had to wait for many ambulance trains bringing the wounded from the front, for the great offensive on the Somme of July had just started, and the casualties were enormous. We saw very many wounded being carefully taken by kindly hands from the trains to the hospitals, for Rouen then, as now, is one of the chief centres of activity for medical and Red Cross workers. It was my own good fortune later on to be a patient in a General Hospital in Rouen, and I shall never forget the devotion and tireless heroism of the doctors and the V.A.D. nurses in that hospital. Our time, however, was limited, as we

had to push on to get equipped at Le Havre. We were able, however, to make a hasty visit to the city, to inspect the wonderful cathedrals, the beautiful memorial to Joan of Arc, and the other historical monuments with which it abounds. And what a wonderful contrast they were to the much-lauded mosques of Egypt, which seemed, as they were, tawdry in the extreme compared with the magnificent ecclesiastical buildings of the Middle Ages.

## *Preparing for the Front*

"God above us will see to it that war shall always recur as a drastic medicine for ailing humanity."

TRIETSCHKE.

OUR first real taste of what military life in France—and especially of the enormous extent and importance of military equipment—was realized when we reached the great northern commercial port of France, Le Havre, on July 3rd. We camped a few miles out of the harbour and immediately started to get equipped for the Front. The port was no longer a commercial entrepot but a huge military depot. The stores or "hangars" were filled with equipment, the wharves were replete with guns and limbers of all sizes and calibres, and sailors and German prisoners were hard at work everywhere. The British Ordnance Depot at Le Havre is simply enormous, but the arrangements are so

excellent that every unit is enabled to become expeditiously fitted out, so as to proceed without delay to its work in or near the line. We had brought a certain number of mules and horses and a considerable amount of harness, but there was much more to be procured, and for several days we were actively engaged in visiting the Ordnance stores and obtaining supplies and returning to camp. It was no easy contract. Many of the mules were "outlaws," and none had been accustomed to the narrow and slippery bridges which cross the various quays. Dozens of times the six-"horse" teams shied and slipped and floundered, but in not one instance was there anything more serious than a delay, and to the accompaniment of whips and a rather vivid display of the Australian vernacular we brought our stores and equipment safely to camp.

We entrained from Le Havre on the 9th of July with 150 mules, waggons, and harness, via Calais and Hazebrouck, arriving at the village of Eblinghem, where we

billeted. It was, of course, our first experience of living in billets, though later on we became daily familiar with this form of nomadic military existence. On nearly all the farm houses we saw notices, "two officers and forty men," etc., which meant that accommodation was available for the numbers mentioned, the places having been previously selected and apportioned by our "billeting officer," with the assistance of a French interpreter who is always attached to each unit. The officers usually occupied a room in the farmhouse and the men slept in large barns.

These places were not always of the most comfortable. Fleas patronized the beds and "chats" found a congenial existence in the straw of the barn. But there was little exposure to the weather and there was comparatively little discomfort, though occasionally the rain trickled into the barns, which admittedly had not been constructed upon the latest or the most hygienic principles. The French farmer—careful and thrifty as he

is—did not glean a handsome profit from the transaction, as he received 1.50 francs per officer and one sou per man per day.

Once settled in our billets we commenced to organize and had daily "route marches," and also instructions as to the use of gas helmets. We had not been in Eblinghem long before we attended a "gas practice," which consisted in an explanatory lecture by an English officer and a test of passing through a green gas cloud with our helmets on. The test looked ominous enough, but there were no casualties, and as we raced through the cloud we experienced no sensations of danger, except for the rather peculiar odour which a gas cloud gives, even through the helmet.

Our next journey brought us to the town of Estaires, in the vicinity of which we were to be camped for some months. Estaires is in the Armentières sector, our immediate sector being not far from Neuve Chapelle and Fromelles (where the Australians fought that bloody battle of

July 19th and 20th). Our c[illegible] qu[illegible] close to w[illegible] e c[illegible]ans [illegible]k us th[illegible] German had [illegible]ced [illegible]nch women and children [illegible] fr[illegible] [illegible]f [illegible]eir troops as they advanced, so that t[illegible] French had either to let th[illegible] Huns ad[illegible]nce or shoot their own kith a[illegible] kin[illegible] their eternal credit be it said the [illegible] at the request of their own peopl[illegible] chose t[illegible] latter alternative. No[illegible] far away wa[illegible] the village of [illegible]a, the church of which the Germans [illegible] filling with their dead and [illegible]ting the building alight with petro[illegible]um.

We soon b[illegible]ame familiar with the country life an[illegible]abits of the peasantry of Northern France. We found them [illegible] interesting and delightful. Every [illegible]ily had a father or son or brother at [illegible]e Front, yet they bore their sorrows [illegible]ith great stoicism and were ever ready [illegible] make life pleasant for the Australians. The small traders, as in all cases, turned [illegible] more or less honest penny at the expense of the troops; but their pecca-

dilloes were and are as nothing to the profiteers in our own and other countries. Jean Jacques, despite the opinion current concerning the Frenchman, is one of the most hard-working and thrifty of men. His holding is small, probably much too small for satisfactory rewards, but every corner of his farm is cultivated; fruit trees are trained against the walls of his house, and no possible avenue of profit is neglected. The members of his family are loyal co-workers and the girls are invaluable both on the farm and in the household. Of course, we saw the French farmer under abnormal conditions and certainly not at his best. His home and his privacy had been intruded upon by troops from all parts of the earth, and one could only glean how admirable a parent and a citizen he was and how devoted he was to his country and his family.

We found the life and conditions of the French peasantry, their social customs, their soil and methods of agriculture all most interesting. We were billeted with

very kindly people who had gone through the unpleasant experience of having Hun officers and soldiers occupying their homes for weeks. But they never lost for a moment their courage or their determination or their belief that the French and their Allies would eventually triumph.

The French peasant is exceedingly industrious, and exceptionally courteous, but it was pathetic to notice that only old men and women and young children were left on the farms. Nearly the whole of France is very fertile, and, of course, they have abundant rain. For miles and miles we saw prolific wheat crops, while small portions of the wheatfields are used as vegetable gardens. The production of cereals is on a scale that would surprise Australians. Every available inch of country (most of it unfenced) is used to its maximum capacity. The scenery is a little too uniform to be attractive to sightseers, but when one looks over the beautiful landscape it is easy to understand the love of country and the patriotic

desire of the French people to keep their country sacred from the attacks of the Hun marauders.

The people never drop their heads or complain, and although making great sacrifices, you would scarcely imagine they were experiencing the horrors of war. Their husbands are all at the Front and their homes filled with French and Belgian refugees.

The climate—it was the middle of summer—was most delightful, and was a pleasant change after our experiences in Egypt. Instead of the heat, the desert, the sand, the flies, and the eternal camel and donkey, we had delightful bright and sunny days, bracing weather and wonderfully green fields. If night is the glory of Egypt, the twilight is the glory of Northern France. You can see perfectly to read the newspapers at 10 p.m.; in fact I wrote letters without candle-light at that hour. The period of nocturnal darkness is very short, and on several occasions when I was out on duty at night it became day-

light at 4 a.m., and I often saw the mists slowly rising from the low-lying meadows at the approach of dawn.

In winter, of course, as we afterwards found, it is extremely cold in the north and rain falls almost continually. In 1916–17 the winter was one of the coldest on record, and we were stationed in a colder district than most. For instance, I read on a thermometer in the house where we were billeted that at Lille the minimum record (Centigrade) is 20 degrees, and at Tournea 40 degrees below zero. The former means 36 degrees below freezing point (Fahrenheit), or 4 degrees below zero. It also rains about 200 of the 365 days, which means that in winter it rains or snows every day.

## *The Battle of Fromelles*

Furious, undaunted,
Willing when wanted,
They fought and they fell.
How bravely, how well
No tongue can tell.

THE two earliest battles in which the Australians were engaged in France were Pozières and Fleurbaix (or Fromelles), both fought in the month of July, 1916. Our Division took part in the latter. Pozières was, of course, a great success and brought wonderful éclat to the soldiers of the Southern Cross; the whole of Europe ringing with their military prowess. At Fromelles the same great qualities were exhibited, but the result was a dispiriting failure. Few people are aware that the casualties in both battles were about the same—between five and six thousand men. The facts of Pozières,

however, are known and appreciated, but history has yet to record how, in the face of a magnificent attack and with marvellous morale, the Australian troops were compelled, after having taken their objectives, to retire after two days with their ranks shattered and many of their men made prisoners of war.

Just after the battle the front and communication trenches were filled with either German prisoners or our dead and wounded The first aid posts, the dressing stations, and the hospitals were crowded with dying and wounded, and the "padres" did wonderful work under very trying conditions. I met the Catholic chaplain, Father King, who had been up for three days and three nights giving spiritual ministration to the wounded members of his flock and reading burial services. "It is too terrible," he said to me, his eyes full of tears. "I never thought I should ever witness such dreadful sights." Just behind the trenches and near the

hospitals were little cemeteries, and in one alone I counted twelve bodies wrapped in their blankets lying ready for burial. After the grave is covered in, a simple wooden cross is erected with the name of the soldier and his battalion and the date of his death.

The Hun appeared to know not only that the attack was to be made, but also the time and date, and he was well prepared. The Australians had not been long in the trenches before they were heralded with the not-altogether-unfriendly intimation, "Australians, go back to your own country; we have no fight with you," and when the attack was delayed another notice from their trenches was put up, "Why so long? you are twenty-four hours late"—and so it was. There is no doubt that the Germans had a cleverly devised spy-system in the Armentières sector. Many of the population were suspected of being either sympathetic with or in the pay of the Germans.

The attack and morale of the Australians at Fromelles were worthy of the men who had built up such an imperishable reputation for undaunted courage and unflinching determination at Gallipoli. Even the German prisoners (many of whom spoke English well) expressed their surprise at the wonderfully sustained Australian attack.

The night before the attack I was sent with an ammunition column to the rear of the front line trenches. The artillery cannonade was incessant and terrific—the boom of the big gun and the whizz of the shells passing through the air, coupled with the rattle of machine guns, made the place an absolute inferno. Gas alerts and alarms were frequent. We carried gas-proof helmets to be used on the first sounding of the alarm and wore shrapnel helmets. Aeroplane activity on both sides was very noticeable and planes appeared like small clouds in the heaven night and day. Their aerial movements are exceedingly graceful and rapid. After sailing

through a clear atmosphere at forty or fifty miles an hour they would pass through a white cloud and disappear like a huge snake into the dark blue of mid-ocean. Their course, however, was easily followed by rings of smoke from anti-aircraft guns; the sky being studded with small groups of smoke-rings. Only very occasionally was a plane brought down, but I saw two make a hurried descent to earth (one of the enemy and one of our own), indicating that the shell fragments had "got home." Aerial duels also were not infrequent. At night star shells or flares were incessantly thrown up along the trenches and illuminated the country for miles round, turning the night into day.

It is one of the advantages of the troops at the Front that they may read the London newspapers within twenty-four hours of publication, and it was interesting to note what has been said of the Australian troops in the recent battle by friend and foe. Our own correspondents

(who spoke of the attack as a "raid") were of course most laudatory, and the German critics, who spoke of it as a "battle" (as it was), scarcely less so.

George Queri, for instance, the headquarters correspondent of the "Berliner Tageblatt," with, of course, a scanty knowledge of Australian life, referred to the Australians as "strong fellows, grown up with gold in their pockets, half educated (what will our colleges think of that?), sons of rich sheep-farmers, and heirs to a country. Their soldierly qualities, however, admit of no such limitations, since they are good workmen, fearful fighters, and hard as steel." Surely praise from an enemy could not go further.

This great tribute to the prowess, the skill, and the initiative of the Australian soldier was only the beginning of many similar references on the part of the Germans. The Hun was soon to learn, in many great and violent struggles, that the sons of the Southern Cross were their

most difficult and skilful adversaries. With characteristic industry and persistence the Hun made every effort to ascertain the presence of the Australian troops in the lines confronting them. One German captured airman stated that he had come over the lines on a special mission, viz., to ascertain if there were any Australian troops in the trenches, as he was informed that if their presence was noted it was a prelude to a certain and vigorous attack.

In a later extremely brilliant attack the Australians captured some notes written by a German staff officer to his subalterns, stating: "Troops opposite are British (Australian). Powerful type of men, exceedingly clever and versatile. very enterprising. They are capable of carrying out big movements. They know how to creep through the high crops and capture our outposts." In the particular case stated, at Mont St. Quentin, the Australians not only captured the outposts, but practically the whole of the

Hun occupants of the trenches and carried out what was described by Sir Douglas Haig as one of the most astonishing feats of battle in the whole long drawn-out campaign.

Australians are notoriously without fear, though never accompanied by lack of judgment. I have seen men playing "pitch and toss" while shells burst around them. I have seen them continue a game of cards after a gas alarm has been sounded, being merely content to put on their masks. I remember going to a rest camp on the north coast of France where the men obtained a little leisure after an extended period in the line. The O.C. was a genial English major who was most anxious that everything should be made comfortable for officers and men and that no needless restrictions should be imposed. He learnt that although gambling was against orders it was quite impossible to absolutely prohibit speculation at cards and that Australians dearly loved a game

in which there was a spice of speculation. I confess, however, to being a little surprised to read a notice in the mess room to the following effect: "Gambling in camp is strictly prohibited. Officers will therefore see that the men do not gamble too heavily."

## *On the Somme*

"Anybody who has travelled, as I have done, through the occupied districts of France will know that so much damage has been done to industrial property that no one need be a prophet to say that it will take more than ten years before we need think of France as a competitor, or of the re-establishment of French industry."

DEPUTY BEUMER in Prussian Diet.

VERY few English or Australian divisions are kept in one sector for any considerable period, and we had remained in the Armentières sector longer than usual. So we were not surprised when the news arrived towards the end of October, 1916, that the Fifth Division was to be transferred to the Somme and that we were to be relieved by the New Zealanders. The infantry had already gone on by train, but the artillery were ordered to "trek" the whole journey, which was expected to take over a week. We were

not sorry. A change of scene is always welcomed by the troops, especially one that gives you an opportunity to get away from the shell-battered country and see some of the open country of France. Yet we were warned about the horrors of the Somme and all its discomforts beforehand.

Our journey was not, however, unpleasant. It had rained heavily for some days previously to our departure and the roads were badly cut up with constant traffic and in some places almost completely submerged. On each side of the French roads is a ditch to carry off surplus waters, and it was not surprising therefore that some wagons, motors, and limbers missed the crown of the road and became waterlogged. But horses and mules and many pairs of ready and willing Australian hands soon extricated them. Each evening we bivouacked in a field, parked our wagons, and our officers and men usually had fairly comfortable,

if at times rather leaky, billets. On one occasion, however, we had a unique experience. We had arrived late in the evening, the horses and mules had to be watered and the wagons parked, and we were obliged to sleep alongside a hedge in the open. We were, of course, tired after the day's journey and sleep came readily enough, and it was not till morning—we turned out at 5 a.m.—that we woke to find ourselves and our blankets covered with a layer of soft white snow. Not many Australians had seen snow previously and although the weather was bitterly cold we really enjoyed the unusual sight. The effect was really beautiful—everything being shrouded in a mantle of purest white, the ground being covered in places a foot deep. The effect on the barb-wire which lay about everywhere was especially pretty, every barb having a piece of snow adhering to it.

After a week's journey, in the course of which we passed through the towns and villages to the west of Lens and

Arras, including Doullens and St. Pol, we reached Albert and finally camped at Fricourt. The Somme area was then a scene of eternal mud and absolute desolation. The Huns had simply ravaged and demolished all the towns and the countryside, the latter possibly for ever. Numbers of "duds" (i.e. unexploded shells) lay on and under the ground, rendering the land impossible of future cultivation. God help the farmer whose plough disturbs these terrible instruments of war! The cold was exceptionally severe, with ice an inch thick on the water in the morning and frost on the trees the whole day. The roads were a swirling quagmire of mud. Immense shell holes in the roads and tracks were frequently filled with slime so thick that at times horses and mules floundering into them were unable to be extricated and were forthwith shot and left there.

We lived, of course, in dug-outs. My own dug-out had been formerly occupied by the Huns. Some of these excavations

around Fricourt were enormous—quite as large as Buckingham Palace. But mine was circumscribed, being cut out from one of the numerous trenches which cover the slopes of every hill for miles in every direction. It was fairly comfortable, being, like the curate's egg, good in parts. The rain dripped through and an occasional rat held midnight revel under and over the canvas roof which diverted it from the immediate proximity of the bed. One day, however, a friendly cat put in an appearance and temporarily hampered the rodent's activities. Immediately above the dug-out were the graves of two brave French soldiers (which accounted for the rodent's presence), with a cross marked with the simple inscription "Mort pour la France." These unhappy memorials were to be found in almost every patch of ground. After a little time, however, we got a "shack" put up above ground and appreciated the change to fresh clean air. I felt like the man who had left his "little back room in

Bloomsbury Square " and was glad of the change.

The historic town of Albert, which was the only large town in the vicinity in which we were camped, was later destined to be in German hands, but eventually was retaken. From our camp we could see its wonderful ruined cathedral tower, with the famous gilt statue of the Madonna and Child completely hanging over. After incessant shelling the statue canted and was in immediate danger of falling upon the numberless British troops who continually passed to and fro through the town. A party of British engineers climbed the tower and braced the statue, so that it retained its unique recumbent position.

It was one of the beliefs of many French people that the statue would retain that position until the war was over and would then drop among the ruins of the building. As it happened the statue fell during the last German offensive and six months before the signing of the armistice.

The church of "Our Lady of Brebieres" has, like most of the great churches of France, a unique and fascinating history. Many pretty legends are interwoven within it. The legend is that a shepherd who was guarding his sheep in a locality called Brebieres, close to the town of Ancre, in Picardy, noticed the determination of a sheep to uproot some blades of grass in a particular spot. Neither the man's threats nor the barking of his dogs would make the sheep move. Naturally irritated, the shepherd struck the ground roughly with his crook, and immediately he heard a voice calling out to him: "Stop, shepherd! thou art hurting me!" The man pulled the crook out of the ground, when to his surprise he found it was covered with blood, and so great was his alarm that he let it fall out of his hands.

The legend goes on to say that the shepherd then raised the earth and discovered a statue which bore the marks of the blow which he had given it with his crook. When the news of this extraordinary find

became known, the priests and people of the adjacent localities came to Brebieres. It was decided to put the statue in a wagon drawn by strong horses and to take it to a town called Aveluy; but no effort would make the wagon move. However, no sooner was the statue placed in a little car driven by a wretched, worn-out horse than the vehicle turned in the direction of the town of Ancre, and did not stop until it came to the church. This marvellous narration, though only a legend, bears an uninterrupted tradition of ten centuries. The statue is carefully carved and designed, and is a representation of the Blessed Virgin crowned holding the Divine Infant on her left arm and in her right hand a lily made of gilt wood. It is supposed to have been the work of a monk in a monastery which existed in the early ages near Ancre, and it is told that on the approach of the enemy one of the community probably concealed the statue underneath the grass to secure its safety.

In May, 1827, the Bishop of Amiens ordered the miraculous statue to be brought to the church of Albert, where it has since remained. The statue on the high steeple was a replica of this more famous statue.

When we arrived at Albert the town was a heap of ruins. The recent terrific onslaught of 1918 of course added, if that were possible, to its wreckage. The same may be said of all the other towns and villages on the Western Front, which are mere aggregations of brick and stone —not a single erection of any description remaining intact. In fact at Pozières the only structure that could be seen was the pill-box erection known as "Gibraltar," which shows how the Germans valued the position and how desperate a resistance they were determined to make. The history of the great and gallant attack has already been oft told, but it is sad to think that the beautiful memorial cross erected in honour of the Australian soldiers who

fell in the battle should have been temporarily in the hands of the Hun and bear their shrapnel impress. Let us hope that the memorial may stand for many years as a silent but glorious tribute to the gallantry of our men.

It is impossible to convey an adequate description of life on the Somme during the winter of 1916. The land was covered with blasted trenches, shell holes, huge "craters" (where enormous explosions took place on July 1st, 1916), and interminable barb wire, while mud and slush were everywhere underfoot and bitterly cold winds whistled from every corner. The appearance of the men as they came out of the trenches was pathetic. In their own country they were accustomed to a warm genial climate. In France they had to wade through slush up to their knees and, if they were unlucky enough to drop into a shell hole, up to their waists. It was little wonder that many contracted "trench feet" (a swelling condition accompanied by discoloration in which pus

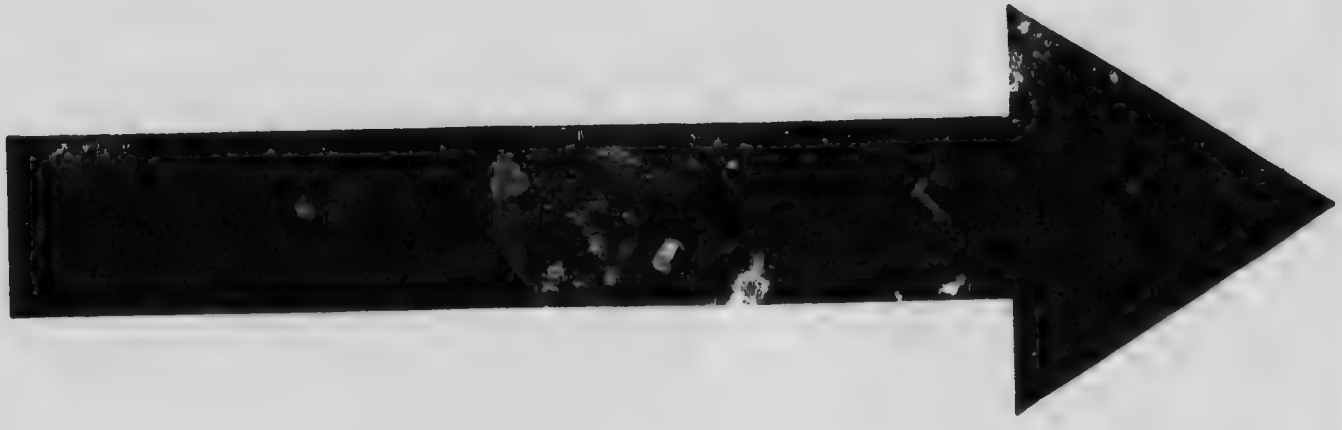
eventually formed), "trench fever," and catarrh in various forms. But they stood their privations with wonderful patience, endurance, and stoicism; in fact the Australian troops were able to endure the severe conditions on the Somme winter at least as well, if not better, than troops accustomed to such a climate. Nor did it occasion any surprise that after holding the line during the apparently interminable frost and snow and slush they were ready and willing to take the attack at the first opportunity. One day a French aviator, after the Hindenburg line was pierced at Bullecourt, came over the lines and dropped a message, "Bravo, Australians," while a captured Prussian officer showed his opinion of their fighting powers by describing them as "those madmen of the Antipodes." No task seemed too difficult and no strain too great for them, at any time, to undertake. A prodigious quantity of work was cast upon them, which they undertook quite cheerfully, and almost invariably did they succeed. Their wonderful initia-

tive, coolness, staying power, and military prowess came to be admitted everywhere. No one could deny that, as they had at least their fair share of the work, they deserved that share of glory which was properly ascribed to them.

## *Towards Bapaume and After*

"Anything like passive waiting for an attack that may develop at any time the Australian dislikes with a fighting instinct for aggression even in defence. Through all the Armies of the Allies this instinct is strong; with the Australians it is a restless and consuming passion." "Times," leading article.

WITH occasional slight changes of position we remained on the Somme from November, 1916, till the middle of March, 1917, during the coldest winter that had been experienced by France for thirty-six years. Towards the latter date it became evident, however, that Fritz was preparing to retire from his shell-battered trenches to the Hindenburg line. Everyone was on the alert. I will not forget how a messenger came from Headquarters at midnight of the first week of March, ordering my O.C. to report at once, adding laconically,



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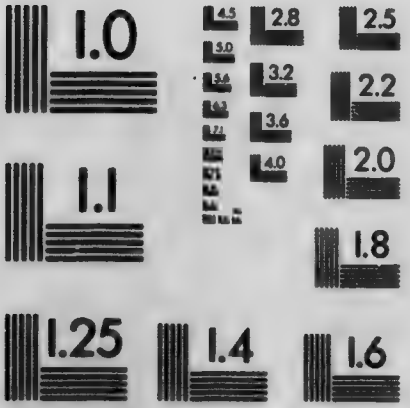


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"We've got Fritz on the run and we're after him." The anticipation unfortunately was not to be realized quite in that form, though it was true he was actually retiring. Bapaume was not evacuated till March 17th. On the night previous I had charge of a convoy bringing trench mortars and materials to Ligny-Thilloy, a little village outside Bapaume. It was very dark, and we did not reach our destination till 1 a.m., the enemy shelling the village (which was already a litter of ruins) all the time, the noise of the shells reverberating strangely along the valley. We had to pass over a track covered with immense shell holes for over a mile and had great difficulty in getting through. On one occasion I had to put fourteen mules in the shaft to pull one wagon out of a shell hole. When the ammunition was landed the trench-mortar officer expressed his surprise that the convoy had got through in the mud in the darkness. He came back with me to my camp at

3 a.m., and I had to be out again at 6 a.m. to continue the job.

Bapaume was occupied the next day. Our boys were enormously pleased at their success, and their changed countenances after months and months of dreary trench work were a sight to behold. The town was mined and wrecked to an awful extent. The Hun had vented his savagery in its worst aspect; due, no doubt, to the fact that one of his chief positions—which he had publicly declared only a few months before to be quite impregnable—had been taken. The Hun retreat was, however, carried out too hurriedly and effectively to have enabled the Australians to enter into battle at close quarters. Snipers had been left in the outskirts of the town, and over the sector I passed I saw many dead Germans.

Although the Hun had retired to a stronger position the Australians followed rapidly, and our artillery carried out an un-

ceasing bombardment which had been of incalculable assistance to the infantry, to whom the greatest credit must always be due. What the infantry had done, what they had endured during those months and months of continuous warfare can never be thoroughly told; and no effort by the people of Australia to reward those who return can be adequate compensation for their devoted efforts.

We were all delighted to leave the shell-racked and torn area. The day we entered Bapaume and for some months after we were once more amid green fields and open country. The weather, too, became milder, and occasionally wild flowers could be seen; in fact I came across a bank on a sunken road where violets were just commencing to peep out. Nothing, of course, remained of the villages. The châteaux, houses, and railway stations had all been burnt, trees sawn down blocking the road, railway lines torn up, and the junctions of all roads blown up with enormous craters marking the place

of explosion. But the appearance of the countryside was a delightful change and a great rest to the eyes after the morass of shell holes, dug-outs, trenches, mud, and earthworks, and hopelessly broken and ruined country we had left behind. Our work was also more interesting. We were camped near a village called Haplincourt, in a nicely grassed field, and the journeys we had to make bringing ammunition to the guns along the valley beside the Bapaume-Cambrai road were not unpleasant. Our principal duty was to supply the howitzer and nineteen-pounder batteries near Hermies and on the canal near Havrincourt Wood with ammunition. The latter place was being continually shelled by our guns and the approaches were exposed to German observation. One morning when we arrived at the former place we found the Germans had earlier in the day shelled the battery so intensely that they were obliged to shift their position. The curious part of artillery fire, however, was shown in

that, although their former position was peppered with German shell, not a single gun had been hit or a man injured.

When the fighting at Bullecourt died down the Australians were relieved and we were withdrawn for a rest to Baizieux, a small village between Albert and Amiens. This afforded officers and men an opportunity to get leave to visit the latter town, and we had ample time to notice the life of the peasantry in areas which then had not yet been devastated by the Germans.

The scenery in this part of the Somme area is very charming and the soil extremely fertile. From the main road you get glimpses of rich and closely cultivated valleys, whilst everywhere the thrifty French farmer has planted trees, woods, or "*forêts*," from which the owner derives a considerable income. On either side of the main roads in France and in some of the smaller ones are beautiful trees, very ornamental, and sometimes useful. A kind of poplar or elm is usually grown, but quite often (as between Albert and

Amiens) apple and pear trees with heavy foliage throw a cool and delicious shade. Many soldier-farmers of the Commonwealth will learn a splendid lesson from the French custom of planting trees always and everywhere.

The soil being so exceedingly rich the holdings are small and very closely cultivated; in fact the farms resemble many of our market gardens. The implements used are most primitive—the ploughs being all single furrow. The thrift and industry of the peasants are remarkable. The women and children had "*avant la guerre*" worked in the fields, and now, while their husbands and brothers were away fighting for their country, they redoubled their efforts. They work from early morn (about 5 a.m.) till dark (about 9 p.m.). The farm houses are not on the farms, as in Australia, but in villages—a result, no doubt, first of the feudal system and later of the breaking up of the estates of the aristocracy during the great Revolution. One undoubted advantage is that

the villagers intermix and enjoy more social life. The outstanding buildings in these villages are the church and the château—both being excellently built and possessing great traditions. The Curé is usually the father of the village and stood nobly by his flock during the present great crisis. In one town in which I had been billeted the Curé, in the early days of the War, was arrested by the Hun as the result of a trumped-up charge that he had induced the villagers to shoot upon the incoming soldiers, and was condemned to be shot on the following morning. Fortunately the English troops arrived just before the time fixed for execution of the sentence and he was just able to escape from his guard in the very nick of time. At almost every main junction of the roads there is a shrine or a crucifix, and on festival days these are open, and pious passers-by drop in to say their prayers.

The Australian soldier is very popular with the French peasantry. His boyish

and vigorous appearance, his free-and-easy manner, his assistance when required in the field and elsewhere have made him a great favourite. The officers, too, soon become on very friendly terms with those with whom they are billeted. Their cheery "Bon jour, Madame," as contrasted with the perhaps more reserved greetings of others, is always heartily reciprocated, and their return to a village previously occupied always occasions a very hearty welcome. The freedom with which "Bill-jim" spends his pay not unnaturally adds to the warmth of his welcome. "Australie très bon; beaucoup gentil; beaucoup de monnaie," (the Australian is very good, very nice, and has plenty of money) is the local comment usually passed upon them. But for purely disinterested reasons they are well and favourably liked by Jacques Bonhomme.

The process of learning a foreign language is naturally slow and laborious, yet the Australian troops did not have much difficulty in making themselves under-

stood by the French people. They picked up much more French than the French learnt Australian. According to the peasantry the English language is difficult to learn, as each part of the English-speaking race appears to have a distinct accent. I met a very bright French lad who told me he was going up for an exam. in English on the following day and asked me to point out any mistakes in his speech. He said he found it easier to understand the Australian than the Englishman. The educated Frenchman is very keen on improving his English and the Englishmen keen on improving their French, and this should help to cement the mutual good feeling happily now existing. I hope after the War we shall in all the Allied countries, and especially Australia, have many French circles, where men who have secured a little knowledge of the tongue will meet to converse in the language of Racine and Corneille.

Corps Headquarters was not far from our billets and we occasionally saw General

Birdwood, who is enormously popular with officers and men. He takes special pride in giving the military decorations which have been awarded for acts of bravery and service. I heard him say at one presentation parade that no part of his work gave him greater delight than handing ribbons and medals to the Australians who had so richly deserved them. He usually gave a short account of the military position as it affected the Australians, much in the same way as a Cabinet Minister indicates his views on the political situation of the day, and his face glowed with pleasure as he praised the troops. The General's memory is phenomenal, and he is able to recall faces and events in a most surprising way. "Let me see, I met you last in Shrapnel Gully," or some other spot, he not infrequently says to an officer or man he has met for the first time perhaps for years.

After a fairly long rest at Baizieux we had orders to move towards the Ypres

sector. We passed through quite a different kind of town, many of which had most interesting associations. We saw such towns as Arras, Hazebrouck, Ballieul, St. Omer, and Cassell. The latter is the place where it is said—

> The good old Duke of York,
> He had ten thousand men.
> He marched them up to the top of the hill,
> And he marched them down again.
> And when they were up, they were up,
> And when they were down, they were down,
> And when they were only half-way up
> They were neither up nor down.

Cassell is an old Roman fortress (the remains of the old wall still stand) and is situated on a very high hill rising out of a big plain, so that the event described could easily have happened. St. Omer is noted for its cathedral (destroyed by the Hun in 1870–71) and also as being the place where Daniel O'Connell was educated.

Hazebrouck is a manufacturing town, but the surrounding country being rich it

is also a considerable market town. Whilst we were at Hazebrouck the town and village was attacked by planes in the morning and later in the same day by huge shells from long-distance guns. The explosions were terrific and the excitement amongst the civil population great. The women and children hurried out of the town with such of their household goods and baggage as they could hurriedly get together. The soldiers, however, remained quite solid and there was no damage of any military value; but it was really distressing to see the effect on the female and juvenile population. If you knocked at the door of your billet and found no response, a French youngster would invariably call out "Got wind up, Mister," meaning that the bombs and shells had caused the usual stay-at-home French family to leave precipitately for safer latitudes. Even the Estaminet proprietors quitted their thriving business for the time.

Arras is not far distant, and its district reminds one of the opening lines of Cæsar's Gallic War: "*Omnia Gallia in tres partes divisa est.*" Many Australian schoolboys are familiar with the lines, but few dreamed as they learnt that great classic that they should one day tread upon the very ground that the great Roman Emperor and warrior had so graphically depicted. After the Roman conquest the skill of the inhabitants of Gaul in manufacture was made world-wide. Arras, for instance, gained a fame which it still possesses for the perfection of its lovely tapestries. At Arras were made, from the designs of Raphael, the world-famed seven tapestries which adorn the walls of the Sistine Chapel in Rome, and which I had the good luck to see later. Just before the War the Town Hall with its lovely lines and decorations spoke of a time when manufacturers were still full of genuine art, and the soaring belfry, the pride and glory of Arras, rose above the many slender towers and steeples of her

churches. The town, though with less than 30,000 inhabitants, was great in its pride, in the high character of its products, in the rich, comfortable and self-respecting life of its burgesses. But the town unfortunately lay in the direct path of the barbarians. Its lovely monuments suffered terribly. Not only the churches and hospitals, but the famous belfry and the Hôtel de Ville are now a mass of ruins, destroyed without the slightest shadow of military excuse. Its history shows that the Germans have invoked the spirit of their barbaric ancestors—the Goths and Huns of 500 years ago—for in a local Arras chronicle of 1492 we read: "The Germans continued to pillage, and their strong boxes no longer sufficed to hold the vessels, the precious jewels which they had seized. The streets were filled with Germans carrying costly ewers, heaps of gold and silver. Their leaders were powerless against these acts of violence; perhaps they even protected their soldiers,

profiting themselves from their plunderings. Then the Germans fell upon the cathedral, seizing relics, censors, silver plate, images, crosses, holy water bottles, stripping the silver casing from the crucifix."

## *The Hun Soldier—Real and Imaginary*

"Terrorism is seen to be a relatively gentle procedure useful to keep in a state of obedience the masses of the people."

GENERAL VON HARTMANN.

THE two great curses of the War, to which nearly all our early mistakes are attributable, are foolish optimism and German propaganda. When I left Australia my friends said: "The War will be over before you get to the Front." They believed that Germany was at the starvation point; that Austria was breaking-up; that social revolution would destroy the whole fabric of Prussian militarism. They little understood the efficiency of the military machine that had been elaborately built up for over forty years.

The Australian, like the American troops of to-day, were full of anxiety to reach the

field of battle. They felt like coursers straining at the leash to capture their prey. They wished to avenge their comrades; to smash Kaiserism. Their pioneers had made their country famous. The heroic landing at Gallipoli had fired their imagination, and those in camp in Australia counted the days till the time of embarkation. And they were afraid they would be too late.

Then came the necessary but regrettable evacuation of the Dardanelles. The troops returned to Egypt and were reorganized. I was camped in the Egyptian desert at Tel-el-Kebir, the scene of a famous British victory of long ago. Like others I hurriedly applied to join a division that was shortly to leave for France. The "unfortunates" who had to remain in Egypt cursed their fate. There appeared to be no prospect of further fighting, and they dreamed of idle days in the inhospitable desert. Yet they were destined to see some of the hardest fight-

ing of the War. At El Arish, Gaza, and Palestine they fought the good fight, earned an imperishable record, and fell in thousands. Not a single soldier was too late!

The same remark applied to the divisions that landed in France in 1916. There was no need for anxiety. At Pozières, Fleurbaix, Bullecourt, in Flanders and elsewhere, there was tremendous fighting, with consequent heavy sacrifices. When we arrived in France in 1916 the great attack on the Somme was being organized The Germans were thrown out of their carefully prepared entrenchments, and before winter was over were pressed back to the Hindenburg line. The Hun, ever prepared, constructed another huge defensive system at the rear, the Drocourt-Queant line. It was felt that now, at last, the German power was broken, and I well remember a sergeant in July, 1917, calling us at 2 a.m. with a message from Headquarters, "The Hun is on the run, and we're after him." But again we were

mistaken. The German did indeed retire, but only to acquire added force and energy.

It is difficult to comprehend the cause of this misplaced optimism. Now that the war is virtually over we can study with equanimity how narrowly Germany missed victory. It was probably due to national greed and avarice.

Germany had subjugated Russia, Finland, Poland, Rumania, Serbia, Montenegro, and the Ukraine. She had secured enormous territorial and economic concessions. She had gained all and more than she set out to achieve on the Eastern Front; she had released millions of seasoned troops for service on the Western Front. She had in her possession practically the whole of Belgium and a large part of Northern France. Was she likely to give up these tangible evidences of victory without the fiercest, most tenacious, and long-drawn-out struggle? Why should she? On the other hand the Allies could not allow Germany to

maintain the extraordinary result of her victory and fraud?

The Allies were pledged to victory, and Germany, although most certainly doomed to eventual defeat, was far from vanquished.

There was only one sure way to victory — to be prepared for a long and sacrificial war. The Allied soldier was up against forty years of military preparation of the most efficient and ruthless character; of terrorism carried out with system and deliberation; of atrocities defended by philosophical as well as practical grounds. And he was up against the products of all this—the Hun soldier.

There are many popular illusions concerning the German as a fighter.

1. The Hun is no coward. He does not—except in vaudeville, or for good, practical reasons—hold up his hand and cry, "Mercy, kamerad." He is a blood-lust beast who violates nuns and bayonets guiltless priests and innocent women and babies. But he is a wonderful fighter, and

knows how to die. The man at the Front knows this. He sees him every day. The man at home does not, and so he ridicules the Hun, and so weakens our estimate of the men we have to fight.

2. The German is not goaded or bayoneted on by his officers. The Kaiser and his chiefs effectively persuaded the Hun that he was fighting a war of defence to preserve his Fatherland, and he fights and acts on that impulse. He needs no other incentive. I have often heard stories of Huns who were forced at the point of the officer's pistol to make the attack; of men who were chained to machine guns; of troops ordered to be shot if they returned to their own trenches. But on investigation these legends vanish into the air. If true they would furnish pleasant food for reflection; but they are not true, and only tend to weaken our own effort.

3. The German prisoner is not a child or a weakling. He is the reverse. Of all the prisoners I have seen coming in after

an attack, or in working gangs along the roads in France, there was scarcely one who was not of good physique and a first-class fighting man. There were cases, no doubt, where the Hun, after being in the line for weeks or in No Man's Land for days, has come in a prisoner with mud-thick clothes and generally worn and unkempt. But this is incidental to the business of war. The German General Staff take good care that the fighting man has everything necessary to carry on the fight.

4. The German is not half-starved. Whatever privations the civil population may endure, the soldier does not suffer. The truth that "an army marches on its stomach" is not a newly discovered maxim. It is older than Napoleon, and German officers know every axiom of the war game. Sometimes, after days of long attack and bitter fighting, many troops are on short or no rations. It was so with the British during the retreat from Mons, it was so, in part, with the Germans in

their last great drives. These are unavoidable incidents, quickly adjusted at the first opportunity.

5. The German nation is still united. The great drives of 1918, though not achieving their main object, were marvels of bravery and organization, and shewed the enemy to be a determined and implacable foe. What British officer ever dreamed that towns like Albert and Bapaume would ever be retaken by the Hun: or that the old line of the Somme, from which he had been ejected, or had voluntarily retired, would ever be even temporarily in his possession?

The fact is that the currency of such beliefs is partly foolish optimism and partly German propaganda. They create a false confidence, which must always tell in their favour. And so front-line troops likely to become prisoners had letters upon them complaining of food shortage and war-weariness, and the like. This has been so since the earliest stages of the War. In the same way German census figures

were faked, to show a smaller population than actually existed. Why? Surely that their enemies would regard their man-power as of diminished value.

## *The Censor and Casualties*

"When the War Council broke up the Kaiser went to pray and Hertling became very moody. Only Hindenburg appeared indifferent and unemotional."

News Item.

THE hearts of all fathers and mothers tremble with anxiety and suspense in the days succeeding a great battle. Has their dear one been killed? Has he been wounded? Is he a prisoner of war? These are questions asked by thousands during fierce "drives" or great struggles. They cannot conceive why they have not already received news either from the soldiers themselves or from the authorities.

Their suspense is natural, but the cause is easily explained. Only those who have seen actual conditions at the Front know the enormous difficulties of the postal

and telegraphic system under war conditions at the Front, especially at times of great drives and enormous counter-offensives.

First, every letter from every soldier must be carefully censored. This takes time. It is the duty of the officer of the unit to read, approve, or excise and initial all correspondence. When a battalion is in the line this is no sinecure. Postal facilities in the line are necessarily limited. An officer has, in fact, little or no time or opportunity to attend to his own correspondence. In addition, he has to censor every letter from the men under his command—in many cases amounting to hundreds, for each soldier is encouraged to communicate with anxious relatives and friends at home. But he is charged with the duty of seeing that each letter contains no information that may be useful to the enemy. The risk of this, in days of open warfare, is considerable.

To capture several mail-bags would

give the Hun a great advantage. He would know the disposition of troops opposing him, their respective number, their location, their nationality. The character of fighting men in opposing trenches has already been carefully sized up by all combatants. All staff war maps show where and how the divisions of the enemy are located.

Some regiments have better fighting characteristics, better morale, or perhaps finer qualities, for special duties than others.

I recollect on one occasion, prior to an attack, an intelligence officer, whose duty it was to interrogate prisoners, gleefully remarked to me :

" I've had very good news. The German regiments in front of our new line are Saxons and Bavarians."

These soldiers admittedly do not fight as well as the Prussians. And so it proved to be. Our attack, launched before any change in the line was made, was an overwhelming success.

Similarly, if "shock troops" (the regiments comprising which are quite well known) are near the line, it is clear not only that an attack on the grand scale is imminent, but that special efforts will be required to repel the attack.

This special information is frequently obtained, either from captured mail-bags or in letters found upon prisoners. It emphasizes and justifies the Censor's existence and indicates that his efforts must be searching and exhaustive. It helps to explain also the necessary if at times irritating delays which so frequently occur.

An illustration of the care that has to be taken is found in the fact that the Censor obliged that excellent organization, the Y.M.C.A., to remove the name of the country of its origin from the stationery which it supplies gratis to the troops, lest the enemy should thereby be able to ascertain the nationality of the units occupying the opposing trenches.

Some dissatisfaction was at first felt at the discrepancies in casualty reports, but matters improved enormously. The Casualty department keeps a careful and accurate record of casualties, and supplies all information, first to the next-of-kin and later to the Press. But the compilation necessarily takes time.

In my own case the publication of my name as a casualty did not appear in the London Press until three weeks after I had been wounded. It happened in this way: I was first treated at a regimental aid post near the front line, where the wound was bound up and disinfected, but no record was taken. Thence I was sent to the advanced dressing station (in a dug-out about two miles behind the line), where the wound was redressed and again disinfected, a record of the name and regiment taken, and a label attached to my clothing, giving necessary particulars.

Later I went to the main dressing station, where a closer examination of the wound was made and a more detailed account taken of the nature of the injury. Finally I was taken to the casualty clearing station, several miles behind the line, where surgical operations are performed.

Here again a complete record of the "case" is made, the soldier is marked "slightly wounded," "severely wounded," or "dangerously wounded."

On each occasion the reports are sent to medical headquarters, and verified. All this naturally takes time, and sometimes two or three weeks must elapse before definite information can be supplied to the next of kin.

Once Headquarters receives the official report, it first telegraphs to those immediately concerned, and at a subsequent date publishes the facts. In Australia, when the soldier is killed, the clergyman of the area and of the denomination to which the dead soldier belonged, is asked

by the authorities to call and "break the news."

If, on the other hand, the injury is slight, or even severe, there is no reason why the soldier himself should not send a cablegram to his relatives. This is frequently done. There are many "padres" of all denominations in the various hospitals in France who will undertake to send telegrams and write letters. I was not long in the Rouen base hospital before a pleasant, kindly padre came and asked me whether I had any friends to write to. I gladly accepted his offer, and kept him busy for an hour or two dictating letters and telegrams to Australia and England. I was told that it was one of his chief occupations. My right arm being in splints, and my writing with my left hand being quite unintelligible, I greatly appreciated the padre's services.

If, however, the soldier is killed or missing or a prisoner of war, there is necessarily a much greater delay, and many a parent must be kept in suspense.

The Air Services of all belligerent countries have an advantage over all other units in this respect. They have adopted a Freemasonry of their own. After an airman falls in enemy country a note is dropped, stating that Captain or Lieutenant So-and-So fell into the enemy lines, that he was killed or wounded, or is a prisoner. If the airman is a distinguished flier, like Guynemer, the " enemy " flying men will usually drop a wreath with perhaps a graceful note attached.

It is certainly a curious commentary upon the War that men should kill each other and then express sympathy for having done so. In much the same way when the crew of a Gotha was brought down in an early raid over London the German officers and men had a military funeral and English airmen acted as pall-bearers. But this course is not now followed.

The custom, however, of belligerent armies giving information as to the air casualties of the enemy rests upon a proper

and practical foundation, and is a simple courtesy to which no objection could or should be taken. The information is in the exclusive possession of the country in which the plane is brought down, the practice is reciprocal, the means of conveying it in the air mutual, and the usages of war not interfered with. Otherwise the record would have to come through a neutral country, like Switzerland, necessitating a considerable delay.

Curiously enough, however, at the very moment that the plane flies over with the missive or perhaps to drop a message of "sympathy" the aviator is vigorously shelled by anti-aircraft guns and is attacked with vigour by opposing planes.

While on the subject of the death of Quentin Roosevelt, killed in the air, may I, as an Australian, express an opinion as to the sentiment that his decease, coupled with the wounding of his two brothers, evoked not only throughout America, but throughout the world? On all sides, I believe, the event has been an inspira-

tion to the Allies. Every sacrifice made by those in a position of power and responsibility inevitably raises the ideals of a people. The Roosevelt family take their place beside Mrs. Brixby of Boston, to whom Abraham Lincoln indited his famous letter, and with the Roman matron who said :

> Had I a dozen sons each in my love alike
> And none less dear to me than thou, good Marcius,
> I had lief eleven died nobly for their country's cause
> Than one miserably surfeit out of action.

## *Courage, Funk, and Cowardice*

"Give others, God, the glory; mine the right
To stand beside my comrades in the fight
To die if need be in some foreign land—
Absolved and solaced by a soldier's hand."

ROBERT GARLAND.

A GERMAN philosopher of the old school made the famous remark that "all soldiers are equally brave." This hasty generalization has, in this war, proved to be misleading. Each race and each unit has its own distinctive qualities; otherwise "shock troops" would be a misnomer. Courage in the face of fire implies leadership on the part of the officer and skill and initiative on the part of other hands. According to the "Times," these are the special attributes of the Australian troops. Other armies are equally brave, but the Australians, accustomed in civil

life to rely upon their own resources, are less liable to show vaccilation and lack of judgment at times of crises, or to allow their judgment to be impaired by unusual or confusing circumstances arising during the exigencies of battle.

Many wonderful deeds have been accomplished in moments of great excitement by men who, at the time, appear to be scarcely conscious of their acts. They seem impelled by what in criminal law is known as "irresistible impulse," or "brain storm." I knew one Australian officer who, having seen his younger brother killed just prior to an infantry attack, exhibited such a fierce spirit of resentment that he successfully carried out an enterprise which appeared to be madness, but which he executed with skill and judgment. He was naturally an extremely brave man, having previously earned a high distinction in the furious battles of Pozières and Mouquet Farm, but in normal circumstances death and disaster must have been foreseen, or at least expected,

from the very nature of his hazardous enterprise.

In very many cases the execution and the recognition of many of the bravest deeds depend upon their sheer good luck. Exceptional acts of bravery are frequently performed but not observed. Thus a bullet often ends the soldier's career at the outset; or the officers who would otherwise report the brave act have themselves become casualties. In other cases the confusion which reigns at certain periods of the battle results in recommendations being lost or failing to reach the proper authorities. An English Staff Officer, who was a patient with me in hospital, told me of a case of this kind. On his "taking over" he discovered by accident a missing box, containing, amongst other things, an account of a conspicuously brave act which had been performed by one of his own men—a private. He verified the particulars (though the man himself was reticent and unconcerned), brought the matter under

the notice of the Divisional Commander, and in due course the man was awarded the coveted V.C.

In other cases a complete loss of nerve, apparently due to cowardice, exhibits itself. A Colonel of my own Division related the instance of a soldier at Pozières who deliberately came out of the front line during an attack, reported himself to Headquarters, and said :

"I cannot fight, I'm afraid."

"Do you know the consequences of your act ?" said the Colonel.

"Yes," replied the man, "but I can't help it."

The demeanour of the man suggested that he had lost his nerve, due apparently, in part at least, to want of sleep. The Colonel, a very humane man, gave the soldier a tot of rum and ordered him to rest and then to return to the line ; which he did, and exhibited quite exceptional bravery during the subsequent heavy fighting in the Pozières sector.

It is also on official record that an

Australian soldier who in the earlier stages of the War won a V.C., was later tried by court martial on a charge of desertion amounting to cowardice and was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. This sentence was fortunately afterwards remitted, and the man "made good" again.

These exceptional cases prove what must never be overlooked, viz. that the best of men are at times subject to temporary aberration. The human and psychological aspect play an extremely important part in the stress of warfare, and it was for the especial benefit of such cases that Sir Douglas Haig recommended the passing of the Suspended Sentences' Act, which has led to so many happy and beneficial results.

This Act, the result of the early experiences in the War, enables soldiers who have been found guilty of any military crime by court martial, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment, to have their sentences suspended by certain Commanding Officers during good behaviour. If the

conduct of the soldier is satisfactory, the sentence is not put into execution; but if not it takes immediate effect. In many cases that came within my own experience it was found that the Act had been most effective and given the soldier all that he wished for—an opportunity to redeem his character. Many of the men under suspended sentence afterwards became excellent soldiers; many of them paid the extreme penalty on the battlefield under circumstances of especial heroism.

It is not generally known that the Australian soldier is treated somewhat differently from soldiers of other countries in one important respect. Under English, French, and American military law a man on active service may be shot for a variety of offences, especially for desertion or cowardice. Under the Commonwealth Defence Act it is expressly provided that no soldier may be shot for these and other offences. An important section provides: "No member of the Defence Force shall be sentenced to death by any court martial

except for mutiny, desertion to the enemy, traitorously delivering up to the enemy any garrison, fortress, etc., or traitorous correspondence with the enemy." And even in these cases the consent of the Governor-General (which in Australia means the Government of the Commonwealth) must be first obtained. There seems to be a tendency in most democratic armies to dispense with the death penalty. Only recently President Wilson suspended the sentences of two young American soldiers who were tried by court martial for being found asleep on their posts and ordered to be shot. The general tendency in most countries is, in accordance with the spirit of the times, to give the offender "another chance." And in many instances the humane view has proved to be the correct view, but where special crimes are prevalent the value of the death sentence as a warning and an example must never be minimized.

## *The American as a Fighter*

"Brave when half a world of men
Are brave beyond all earth's rewards."

AMERICA entered the War on April 6th, 1917. The news came as a great relief to the troops. The delay in entering the conflict was bitterly commented upon after the sinking of the "Lusitania," but I became convinced, as a result of a subsequent visit to America, that President Wilson had taken the wisest course in not precipitating his country into the conflict earlier. America has a polyglot population, and by his delay and studied moderation the President was able to secure that unity of national opinion so essential for the successful prosecution of a great war.

Some months after the President's

famous message to Congress I had the good fortune to meet the first American troops as they passed through Dijon, an old historic town to the south of Paris. I had been on the Somme for many months and was then on furlough. An American major was staying at the same hotel—Les Cloches. He saw I was an Australian, and with characteristic American frankness said: "Our boys are arriving tonight; I must see that everything is provided for them. Will you come?" I accepted with pleasure. We drove to the railway station. The train, unlike most troop trains, ran to schedule, and I saw the troops alight and eat their evening meal, and talked to many of them. They were strong, bronzed, earnest, determined athletes, with great fighting qualities; in many respects they closely resembled the Australians, than whom it is admitted there are no better fighters on any front. Their conversation disclosed that they had no delusions about their job. They

well knew they were "up against it." But they joked and talked and laughed and ate as if the great rendezvous were not for them, or, if they thought of it, then how could men do better than lay down their lives for their country?

And the officers, what of them? They were close observers who pressed me with conditions in the line, asked about the Hun fighting qualities, and what they might expect in the trenches. It was all so new to them. Other Allied officers had, by then, grown phlegmatic. They had seen all there was to be seen of the horror and misery of trench life. But these young men brought a new spirit of enthusiastic freshness and zeal, which did not fail to have an inspiring effect upon the other Allied troops. And they were keen military students. I was told that instead of frittering away their time on the troopships coming over in deck games, they diligently studied the textbooks and manuals to fit themselves for the respon-

sible duties of command to which their country had called them. In action, however, American organization left very much to be desired.

The troops did not remain long at Dijon. They were fed, the sick were attended to, the whistle blew, and the train steamed out. The little old French railway official seemed startled. He was not used to "hustle." The War had gone on for three years, his countrymen were heroically dying, and he would, old as he was, shoulder his rifle, if necessary, for his beloved France; but the habits of a life-time are not easily overcome. "Mon Dieu!" was all he could say. And so, before he seemed aware of it, the young Americans had steamed out on their way to the shambles.

How does the American fight? How does he die? These two questions were asked me by hundreds of Americans, jealously anxious to know how their sons behave in their rendezvous with death.

The answer is supplied by a French officer, who wrote me after the American

participation in the battles of Château-Thierry and Vaux. "I have been attached to the Americans from the beginning; they show the utmost contempt for death." A tribute like that from any Allied fighting man is a noble tribute; from a French fighting man it is the highest of all commendation.

Many thousands of Americans lay out in No Man's Land just able to articulate, like the French, *C'est la morte;* many a one goes over the top with the certain knowledge that he is to pay the extreme penalty; many another makes the advance knowing he is to be mown down as with a scythe; many rush their guns to the front line, assured that they will fall a certain vi. n to mustard gas. Yet the French say he does all these things with an utter contempt of death.

All Australian soldiers who have seen the America. fight—some of them were brigaded with Australian troops and were led into action by Australian officers—

warmly endorse the Frenchman's tribute. The German General Staff also is now fully seized of this American characteristic—this utter contempt of death. The lessons of Château-Thierry, of Vaux, of the Marne of 1918 are not likely to be forgotten. But their civilians must not be told. American achievements must be ridiculed. The home Teutons believe, according to a neutral correspondent, that American efforts were "a joke," that you "cannot sew epaulettes on a man and call him an officer." This is consistent German psychology. It has made many mistakes; this is one of the last and worst it ever made.

It is true the American, like the Australian and Canadian, is not a trained soldier of the Prussian type. Most of the men who performed the impossible at Gallipoli and Ypres had not, until the War broke out, handled a rifle, but they had qualities of indomitable courage, initiative, self-reliance, and physical

prowess that are not possessed by the Teuton. They were not skilled in military technique, but they had none of the servility of the Hun. And they were fighting for a noble cause, and knew it. So is it with the American. When the real tussle came, the Germa found that the cold steel of America's Marines was a most amazing display from a nation whose military efforts their leaders designated "a joke."

Of the German, as of the Bourbon, it may be said that he forgets nothing and learns nothing. The Hun took precisely this attitude with Great Britain during the early part of the War. The Kaiser openly referred to the original British force as "a contemptible little army." That Army now consists of more than six million men, and is fighting on fourteen fronts. Singularly, a famous English cartoonist represents the Crown Prince imploring the Kaiser not to refer to "America's contemptible army."

Such epithets have a nasty tendency to ricochet, especially where men of the nation show a fearless and indisputable "contempt of death."

## *Getting Wounded*

"I know not if it was gaunt death
That moved across the grass
Or if the soul of my own pal
The shadow I saw pass."

Lc.-Cpl. R. J. Godfrey.

The Australians had a very important task allotted to them in the battle of Polygon Wood—in front of Ypres—which began on September 20th, 1917, and lasted several days. During the preparations I was on Divisional Headquarters as courts martial officer; but as there was practically no work to be done in that branch whilst the men were in line, I volunteered for service in the approaching "stunt." The Colonel gave me the necessary instructions. I was to take charge of a party of thirty-two men and horses, to bring a supply of drinking water in

advance for the "hop over" that was to take place within a few days. The ultimate destination was a place known for some curious reason as Clapham Junction, on the Menin-Ypres road, just behind the line.

It was necessary to make a preparatory visit to inspect the portion of the route to be traversed, to arrange for the supply of water-packs and to fix the depot where the water was to be first dumped. As very frequently happens in these arrangements there was a shortage of water-packs, owing to difficulties of transport. The number and kind were not available, and when the time came many packs had to be improvised in order that the necessary supply of water should be available where required. As we passed Ypres shells came unpleasantly near—the whole of the salient being then under vigorous fire—and one large shell-piece landed quite close to us. That morning there had been much confusion at the Hooge Junction on the Ypres-Menin road,

owing to a large transport of motor lorries being caught under a particularly heavy shell-fire.

We had no sooner arrived at the dump than the position was shelled very vigorously. Fortunately, most of the shells were "duds," probably due to the softness of the ground. Once we started the column, however, the shells were more reliable (from the German point of view), and none failed to explode. Along the whole way we experienced a succession of shell-holes, dead horses, wounded men, engineers' and signallers' trenches. Over a large portion of the track the only possible course was to lead the horses on a narrow duck-board track, and frequently we had to place pieces of duck-board over the trenches to give the horses a passage. I had a guide, but he had only been out to the line once before, and that during the daytime, and although he was a very good soldier he was of very little assistance, and when towards the end he got kicked by a horse I had to go some distance

ahead of the column to find out our whereabouts. When we arrived at our destination we met a counter-attack upon a strong point which had been vigorously contested for some days. I have never heard such a medley of shell sounds—high explosives, shrapnel, and whizz-bangs coming over sometimes alternately, sometimes together. Some of them lodged in shell-holes filled with water and gave us all a mud bath, and we could hear very many shells passing overhead to an unknown destination.

The men behaved splendidly. I heard one of them in the rear of the column say, no doubt referring to me, "A man ought to get six months for bringing horses and men to a place like this." However, this man did his job well, and, like most Australians, was quite satisfied after he had had his grumble, and when he saw that some had been wounded he worked like a Trojan.

When we arrived at Clapham Junction I ordered the men to off-load the horses

smartly, and had only just given the order when a high explosive hit myself and two of the men who were next to me. At the time all I knew was that I had been knocked and was bleeding from the arm, but it was too dark to see what actually had happened. The work had to be done smartly and the men got away as quickly as possible. The horses were unloaded with some difficulty, and I then ordered the men to return in single file as quickly as possible. The man next to me had been very severely wounded and was unconscious. I obtained stretcher-bearers from the First-Aid post, which I discovered was in the tunnel which the Germans had built over the Ypres-Menin road, and then started to walk to the First-Aid post. As I afterwards found out, however, the radial artery of my right arm had been severed, and the loss of blood made me very weak; but one of the party assisted me along a small trench till we reached the First-Aid post.

The narrow tunnel which did duty as

the First-Aid post was full of wounded men, the air was stifling, and the moaning and groaning of those who were injured was really terrible. One man lying next to me was suffering badly from shell-shock, and was jabbering like an idiot. The Medical Corporal bound up my arm, and said that all wounded men would have to remain there until the morning, as the shelling was so heavy that it was impossible to get back to the advanced dressing station at Ypres. He gave me some morphia to deaden the pain, and I lay down for a rest with my steel helmet as a pillow. The stifling atmosphere, the morphia and my weakness, however, made me sick and sleep was impossible. I contented myself by listening to the accounts of the changing fortunes of the counter-attack outside, given by the men as they came in, and also the description they gave of how they got their wounds. Most of those who came in were not Australians, as we had not taken over the line at that time, and their accents showed that most

had come from the North of England. One Australian officer who had a badly fractured leg was quite cheerful, so we immediately "chummed up."

As soon as daylight appeared we walked along a narrow trench for some distance, getting whatever cover was possible. All along the track there were dead horses, a few dead men who had been caught in the shelling of the night before, and out-of-action tanks, which had either fallen victims to Hun shells or to their own cumbersome parts. Finally, I got as far as Hooge, where a Field Ambulance motor picked up the wounded and took us to the advanced dressing station in Ypres. A doctor examined me, explaining the course of the shell-piece, how it had entered the elbow and came out at the wrist and severed the artery, and that a clot of blood had formed naturally to prevent excessive bleeding. He dressed the wound and injected anti-tetanus serum to prevent lock-jaw and septic conditions. The earth around Ypres is so full of germs from the terrible

battles that have been fought now for three years that it is very easy, unless precautions are taken, to contract blood-poisoning. He marked the letter "T" on the back of my left hand, so that the doctor at the next dressing station would not administer another dose.

Subsequently we were taken still further back to a Field Ambulance, where our wounds were again examined and dressed. On the road from Ypres to the Casualty Clearing Hospital we had an opportunity once more of judging the methods of the Hun. It had been a matter of common experience for German artillery to shell Red Cross hospitals, but as our ambulance passed along the road, I saw a Hun air squadron deliberately drop bombs on medical camps where the Red Cross flag was prominently displayed. When we arrived at the Remy Hospital the doctors and nurses both told us that the hospital was regularly bombed and shelled—during which periods they had to go into dug-outs near by. A Canadian Colonel of the

Army Medical Corps subsequently told me that the sign of the Red Cross was such a source of added danger that his hospital had removed every sign which would indicate its true character. Experience had shown him that an ordinary combatant military camp was safer from German attack than a Red Cross hospital!

Finally, we reached a Canadian Casualty Clearing Station near Poperinghe, where operations are performed. My arm was X-rayed, and I was taken to the operating theatre, where, under an anæsthetic, the fore-arm from the elbow to the wrist was opened, and the flesh affected by the shell cut away. The wound was left open, the surgeon telling me that the latest surgical view was not to stitch up the wound, as very frequently septic conditions set in, and the place had to be reopened again.

I remained in the Casualty Clearing Station for a day and a half, and was then taken on a stretcher to the railroad station en route for the Rouen Base Hospital. The train journey took twenty-four hours,

and we were all very fatigued when the train arrived and were taken in motor ambulances to the Red Cross hospital. The nurses here were exceptionally kind and attentive ; they are mostly members of the Red Cross or V.A.D. (Voluntary Aid Detachment). The work of these noble women can never be adequately expressed in words. They receive no payment whatever for their services and perform the most menial duties with the greatest thoroughness and cheerfulness. I remained in the hospital for three days, and was eventually put on the train for Le Havre and from thence shipped at night to Southampton.

When we were disembarked at Southampton we were met by two charming English girls who brought supplies of cigarettes and fruit and sweets. We were told that for over two years they had met every hospital ship in the same way. We made some very thankful and complimentary and somewhat cheerful remarks, and one of the girls said, " You boys are

from Australia." As there was nothing to distinguish us—we all were on stretchers in pyjamas—my friend said, "How can you tell that?" "Oh, quite easily," was the reply. "You Australians are always joking and smiling, no matter what your wounds are; you never take anything seriously."

A quick train journey from Southampton brought us to Lady Brassey's private hospital, 40 Upper Grosvenor Street, London. Of my treatment there and at all times subsequently I cannot speak too highly; in fact, from beginning to end I met with nothing but kindness and attention. The wound made good progress, but an exposed nerve which adhered to the cotton-wool when the wound was dressed every morning caused a good deal of pain. The matron (Miss Burgess) was an exceptionally skilful trained nurse, always cheerful and most considerate. The nurses—most of them V.A.D.'s—were intensely interested in and devoted to their work, the patients were very genial fellows,

and so we soon became a very happy family.

About a month after I had been wounded I met two Australian privates at Charing Cross Station. I immediately recognized one of them, and said: "Were you not with me on that water-stunt at Clapham Junction?" He replied in the affirmative, we shook hands, and I enquired how the party had fared on the return journey from the line. His story was typical, but not very cheerful. They started on the homeward journey under the corporal whom I had placed in charge, but were heavily shelled all the way. The corporal was killed, with several of the horses, and many of the others wounded. I was particularly sorry about the corporal, who was a splendid type of young Australian. I had written him, not knowing his fate, to thank him for his excellent work in the stunt and trusting he had survived. Several weeks after the Post Office authorities, who had opened the letter, returned

it to me with the words " Reported killed in action " upon it.

I had a long and interesting chat with these men—who were on leave in England. To one I said, " Aren't you the chap I heard say as we neared Clapham Junction, 'A man ought to get six months for bringing men and horses into this hell of a place?'" He replied: " Yes, sir." I had specially watched this man at the time and after. He had, however, done his job so excellently when the shells commenced to come over that I could only say, " Never mind about that. You did your job like a soldier, and good luck to you." He made a rather amusing reply: " When you came up first I didn't recognize you in the dark (it was about 1 a.m.), and thought you must be a 'Tommy' officer; but when the chaps didn't get a good move on and I heard you swear I knew you must be an Australian."

I could not help recollecting a similar story I had previously heard of a Sergeant-

Major with one of the Australian units, who reported a Warrant Officer to the Commanding Officer for neglect of duty.

"What is your complaint?" said the C.O.

"Well sir, the Warrant Officer comes in and goes out when he likes; his language when he is spoken to is horrible; his conduct to those under him is insolent; in fact, sir, from his language and behaviour you might think he was an officer."

The wonderful spirit of friendship and camaraderie between officers and men in the Australian Army has often been the subject of comment by officers of the Allied Forces. They find it rather difficult to comprehend. I have, however, met few, if any, Australian officers who have not earned the respect of their men, or who are not always prepared to meet them on a perfectly equal footing, whilst the men on their part are ever ready to recognize the absolute necessity of discipline and authority. I venture to think that when

the War is over the distinctions created by military necessity will completely disappear, and that officers and men will commingle in their native country on a perfectly equal footing as Australian citizens.

## *At Buckingham Palace*

"Look at England. She is ruled by Lloyd George, a Socialist. England is virtually a republic. Why does not the King assert himself?"

The Kaiser to Dr. A. N. Davis.

AFTER I had been in Lady Brassey's hospital at Upper Grosvenor Street for three weeks I received a letter from the Staff Captain of Divisional Headquarters stating: "The G.O.C. has recommended you for the award of the Military Cross. Please accept the congratulations of the General and the Staff." I had remembered a conversation with the Staff Captain when I volunteered for service in which he jokingly said: "The job may mean a wooden cross or a Military Cross." I naturally accepted the alternative and, fortunately for myself, the ultimate result turned out to be the latter.

Photo: Central News.

THE AUTHOR RETURNING FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

later I received telegram from the Lord Chamberlain an officer of whose existence I had not previously been aware and of whose functions I was ignorant — stating:

"Your attendance is requested at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday next, the thirteenth day of November at ten o'clock, Service dress. Regulations no one except those to be invested can be admitted to the Palace. Please telegraph acknowledgment."

When Lady Brassey became aware that the decoration was to take place she intimated her desire to motor another officer, who had also to attend, and myself to Buckingham Palace. We, of course, gladly accepted, but it was characteristic of the rigid petrol regulations then in force in England that special permission for the necessary supply of petrol—the drive amounting to less than a mile—had to be secured.

As we entered the Palace—which, by

the way, is faced by huge but not very artistic statuary—we were met at the entrance by quite an army of serious-looking footmen, one of whom took possession of our canes, and said that our gloves should be retained. We then passed to an imposing room, where less than a hundred officers and men were gathered to receive various decorations.

It was here that I first saw that august personage, the Lord Chamberlain, who gave directions, many of which were lamentably disobeyed when the time came for carrying them into execution. His directions were as follows:—

"This is the order of procedure you will observe. Names will be called with regard to seniority and alphabetically. You will walk in file as your names are called, and you will then proceed under the escort of chamberlains until you come to the door of the room where His Majesty is presenting the honours. You will keep the left hand gloved and bare the right. As you

enter His Majesty's presence you will turn to the left and be facing the King. As your turn comes I will read out from the 'Gazette' the reason for which the honour is conferred on you. Then you will advance two steps and bow. When your medal has been placed upon you by His Majesty, who will shake hands with you and speak to you, you will step two paces to the rear, bow, turn to the right, and leave by the right exit."

Prior to entering the reception room the footmen supplied the recipients with small pins, on which the King placed the medals.

I had, of course, seen the King—then the Prince of Wales—at a function at the University of Adelaide. He had not altered greatly, except that he was naturally greyer. There were a great many officers to be decorated, and an appropriate word was said to each. In my case the King made what I believe is the stereotyped remark to all Australians. Seeing

the armlet on my tunic indicating that I was still in hospital, he said :—

"I trust you will soon be quite well. I cannot say how deeply we appreciate the fact that you have come so far to help us."

## *Typical Australians in England*

"What do they know of England
Who only England know?"

KIPLING.

My experience of England, during my sojourn in hospital and afterwards, is that, notwithstanding its wonderfully flexible constitution and its great regard for individual freedom, it still remains a socially conservative nation. The policy of "hold fast to that which is good"—or appears to be good—is manifest everywhere. The deference paid to those who possess wealth or position, irrespective of their personal qualities or attainments, is astonishing. I found that almost all other Australians had had the same experience, though the War has altered, and will still more continue to effect radical social changes in England and elsewhere.

The average Englishman of the middle or upper class, until you know him, appears to think it his duty to surround himself with an atmosphere of reserve and apparent indifference to everything and everybody. He has his own opinions, every man is entitled to his, and why should he venture to express them or intrude them on others? I once travelled on a long train journey with a civilian in America who turned out to be a medical man, and immediately opened up a conversation with him, which led to the interchange of much information about our respective countries. When we parted, he said: "I'm astonished you should have spoken to me first; you're the only British officer that has ever spoken to me before I spoke to him."

The patience of the English people under their existing social conditions is remarkable. All over London there are many beautiful squares, planted with shady trees and flowers, intersected with broad walks, provided with an occasional

tennis-court and enclosed by a forbidding-looking fence. Sloane Square, situated in the midst of a densely populated area, is one of these squares. I have never seen a single person promenading in Sloane Square or in any of the other squares I passed, and, desiring to inspect the former, I found to my astonishment that the gates were locked. It seems that these beautiful open spaces—the lungs of the city—are "for subscribers only," and a taxi-driver on the Sloane Square rank told me that only a few old ladies ever entered the Square.

It is quite likely that these ancient and exclusive ladies or the occasional tennis-player who patronize the squares may have little love for joyous and perhaps rowdy youngsters (whose fathers and brothers are at the Front), who would and should make the Square their playground; or for the tired workman, who would and should promenade the Square during his lunch hour. But that the community should tolerate the exclusion of the masses

from the squares is a handsome tribute to their docile acceptance of social customs and their sacred regard for existing social conditions.

I can imagine what would happen in America or Australia under such circumstances. A public meeting would be held in the Town Hall, presided over by the Mayor, with resolutions unanimously adopted that the Government or the municipality should compulsorily purchase these grounds and throw them open for public patronage. If this were not successful other steps, probably more practical, would be taken; but one thing would be assured—that the places where "God's glorious oxygen" was best obtained and the trees and the flowers of the field gazed upon should be made available for all the people and not for an exclusive few.

Whilst in London I received many manifestations of friendship and hospitality from Australians resident in London. But notwithstanding their change of climate they remained distinctively

Australian. They all had had considerable experience in the Commonwealth. One had been a Minister of the Crown in Australia, attached to the Radical party, and was familiar with all the chief political aspects of the country. He said quite frankly: "When I came to England I expected to find a radical difference between the Liberals and the Conservatives. I found none. Both are chiefly concerned about their vested interests—whenever these are in issue. The Liberals prate about broad issues of policy, but where their own interests are concerned they are more insistent than the Conservatives Many only attend the House of Commons when some particular Bill, in which they are personally interested, or a 'whip' compels their attendance."

Another typical Australian I met was a man who had spent his life as a prospector. Born in England he had emigrated to Australia and made a fortune in West Australia, being one of the original pioneers of the enormously rich Coolgardie

and Kalgoorlie goldfields. Without any education he was endowed with a very shrewd and energetic nature. Naturally desiring to return to his birthplace, he had secured a small but very charming estate within a short distance of London. He said to me: "Coming from the free and independent atmosphere of Australia I was astounded at the conditions which exist in this country. About a week after I had bought this estate I was walking through the village when a dear old lady curtseyed to me. I passed that without notice. Later I saw an able-bodied farm labourer and he touched his hat to me. I stopped him and the following conversation ensued:—

"Why did you touch your hat to me?"

"Are you not the gentleman who purchased the old homestead?"

"Certainly. But what of that?"

"Well, I have always been brought up to pay respect to the landed gentry and the clergy."

"That may be. You can do as you like

to others, but don't do it to me. You're quite as good as I am—probably better."

"I don't quite understand you, sir."

My friend told me the story laughingly. His remarks were the simple expression of an honest and independent man, who wondered why anybody could think more of him merely because he has become rich. He had learnt in Australia that a man was respected and honoured because of what he could do or had done; not because of the position he occupied or the riches he had acquired. He belonged to the class that had made the British people respected in all corners of the earth. Without means, without adventitious aid, he had made good, and he saw no reason why the farm labourer he had met, given the same opportunities, could not do likewise. His soul revolted against the doctrine that he should be respected because of his wealth or his luck. He had known better men than himself to be "down and out" through no fault of their own. His prospector "mates," he knew, enter-

tained a good opinion of him merely because he always "played the game" and assisted his colleagues when they needed assistance. His final opinion was "a fair man is the same whether he is wealthy or not, a waster is always the same —wealthy or otherwise."

My third friend was an extremely successful stockbroker. He had been in England for a long time, and although he was kindness itself to Australians, his attachments had become purely English. He had lost many of his Australian sympathies though not his friends. He was, in fact, a typical Londoner, was closely associated with the inner financial world in Australia and England, and had lost all touch with the aspirations of the toiling masses. His ideas were solely directed to Stock Exchange interests, his evident desire being to show that Australians were quite equal to amassing riches in the same way as any other Englishman.

It is very pleasing to be able to say that

I have never heard a word of disparagement of Australia from the poorer or middle classes, or those who have had a struggle for existence in the Commonwealth. I have, however, heard adverse comments towards Australia both in England and America from those who have prospered, but who, nevertheless, created an unfortunate feeling respecting what they called "oppressive labour legislation." The remarks so made, which might merely, even if true, have been kept for home consumption, were repeated and cannot have a good effect upon the Commonwealth. These parvenus are no friends of Australia. Unless a man be a whole-hearted advocate of Australia, without regard to industrial, religious, or party matters in dispute, he cannot be taken to be a friend to his native land.

"No power is bound or, we will add, entitled to sacrifice important interests of its own on the altar of faithfulness to an alliance." BISMARCK.

EVER since Australia's entry into the actualities of war at Gallipoli the Press has rung with praises of her sons. More generous treatment has not been accorded to any of the troops of the far-flung battle-line. But few realize the original cause that made it possible for the mother country to have claimed and relied upon the Commonwealth to send hundreds of thousands of her best fighting sons to her assistance. To George Washington and his lieutenants must be given the credit. It was they who laid the foundations of those free nations who so readily responded, as volunteers, to the call of

Great Britain in those fateful days of August, 1914.

Prior to 1776 all the territories flying the Union Jack outside Great Britain were called "colonists." By an anachronism the term still survives in popular verbiage to all those countries, except America.

Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa possess absolutely free parliaments. Australia in fact, with its universal vote to all men and women, claims a wider suffrage than the United States. Its elected representatives have the power to make laws for its people without outside interference. It is true that bills dealing with Imperial affairs may be "reserved" for the Imperial assent; but this is never withheld, except with the approval of the Commonwealth. When the Australian Parliament passed the Alien Immigration Act, which prohibited the entry into Australia of all Asiatic aliens, the Bill was reserved; but the then Secretary of State for the Colonies,

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, suggested, in deference to the Indian subjects of Great Britain, that an educational test should be substituted, and the Commonwealth readily assented. For all practical purposes the so-called "colonies" are as free and independent as the Republic of the United States. It is the "crimson thread of kinship," and that alone, which binds them to the mother country.

This wonderful result is due chiefly to Washington's magnificent fight for liberty and the right of self-government. "America must be a colony or any enemy," wrote King George III to Lord Dartmouth in 1775. That was good Prussian doctrine then as now. But whereas the Kaiser to-day has the support of the whole German people, George III was opposed by all the best English statesmen of his day. "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, never—never—

never," said Lord Chatham in 1777, in defiance of the King.

We are indebted to Professor Hazen, of Columbia University, who has admirably summarized the personal character and political views of the then reigning monarch :

"With many personal virtues, he was one of the least wise of monarchs and one of the most obstinate. Moreover, his insanity was even then apparent. His mother, a German princess, attached to all the despotic notions of her native land, trained him, as she frequently said to him, to 'be King.' Bent upon making himself the chief directing power in the State, he set himself deliberately to subvert the constitutional practice of the country by filling his cabinet with men who would only take orders from him, and by aiding them in controlling Parliament by the use of various forms of bribery and influence. By 1770 he had succeeded in the creation of a ministry, of which Lord North was

the head, which was completely submissive to his will. But the King was to all intents and purposes his own Prime Minister. On the question of the Tea Tax, Lord North said it was of no use for anyone to offer objection, for the King would have it so. He contemplated all the repressive Acts passed against the colonists, as he himself said, with supreme satisfaction. This held power until 1782. The Royal autocracy, during this twelve years, was scarcely veiled by the mere continuance of the outer forms of a free Government.

"Having thus secured the entire control of Ministry and Parliament, George III proceeded to lead the British Empire straight toward what Goldwin Smith has called the 'most tragical disaster in English history.'

"The policy initiated by the King and his tools led swiftly and inevitably to civil war; for that is what the American Revolution was. Had George III tri-

umphed, not only would colonial liberties have disappeared, but the right of Parliament to be predominant in the State would have vanished with them."

George Washington taught the world a great lesson. Great Britain learned it. Germany did not. When the hero of 1776 laid down the principle of "self-government" he meant that full and complete measure of democracy which Abraham Lincoln afterward formulated in his classic speech at Gettysburg. But George III was a Prussian, and "government of the people, by the people, for the people" had no place in his political outlook. He believed in the divine right of kings, and acted accordingly, despite the opposition of all the best and most representative British statesmen. When, however, the clouds of war had cleared away Great Britain's love of liberty and fair play asserted itself. Washington's noble ideals were appreciated, and applied to all the new countries wherever the enterprising

Britisher settled. And so it is that Australia, Canada, and South Africa owe their great progress to the Father of Independence, and Great Britain owes to him the possession of a group of loyal and devoted peoples and territories.

The Prussian equivalent for British "self-government" is "self-determination." It means the imposition of a German ruler appointed by the Kaiser, the partitioning of the country to suit German political and industrial interests and the schemes of the Wilhelmstrasse. Nominal parliaments are established, it is true, but they are elected under German domination, and, "until the country settles down," under the pressure of the German sword.

Recent events in Finland, Rumania, Poland, and the Ukraine are not merely accidental or dictated by military necessity. They are the practical expression of a long range of philosophers and teachers from Treitschke and Nietzsche to Luden-

dorff and Bernhardi. It was the latter who told the world how America would have been treated by Germany in the civil war if she had had power in the Atlantic: "Since England committed the unpardonable blunder, from her point of view, of not supporting the Southern States in the American War of Secession a rival to England's world-wide empire has appeared on the other side of the Atlantic." In other words, Germany would not have committed the unpardonable blunder; she would have sent her hordes to fight Lincoln, just as she did to fight Belgium and France; not because the Southerners were right, but because the United States was likely to become a strong and powerful nation, and, therefore, a "rival." But, fortunately, Great Britain and not Germany was on the other side of the Atlantic, and so the mighty effort for unity in America was not destroyed.

Practically all the great countries under

the British flag—with the unfortunate exception of Ireland—enjoy the privilege of self-government. Why, then, should the term "British Empire" be applied to that widespread congeries of peoples and territories who live under the British flag. It is in no true sense an Empire at all, while the use of the term is exploited by enemy agents. Why not adopt the designation of Lieut.-Gen. Smuts, the British "Commonwealth of Nations," which is a much truer and less misleading description. Quite recently a Swiss writer stated, "Imperialism is the enemy, whatever form it takes. German or Russian, British or French—it is equally the foe of free governments." German propagandists are fond of using this sentiment as applied to Great Britain, though in fact the terms "Imperialism" and "Empire" can have no meaning where complete representative self-government exists.

In fact, to all intents and purposes the Governments of America, Australia, and

Canada are identical, and in these days of wide outlook it is essential that the latent misunderstanding which exists by the misuse of the term "British Empire" should be promptly removed.

## *Some Impressions of America*

"America had better look out after this war. I shall stand no nonsense from America."

The Kaiser to Mr. Gerard.

SOME time after America had been in the War it was decided by the War Office to send a Military Mission of Wounded Soldiers to the United States, to address public meetings and assist generally in the work of propaganda. I was selected as the representative of the Australian Imperial Force. After three months in the United States, and since my return, I have often been asked to express an opinion as to the American people. It is not an easy task. To have any value criticism must be frank and impartial; indiscriminate laudation, however palatable, is always vacuous.

I have a distinct recollection as a small

boy of attending a performance by an American entertainer named Frank Lincoln, who visited my native town, Adelaide, South Australia. It was a very clever and interesting programme, and at the conclusion the artist said: "Ladies and gentlemen. I have visited every city of importance in the world, and I cannot leave this platform without saying that this audience is the keenest, most intelligent, and appreciative I have ever appeared before." The good folk of Adelaide, greatly gratified, applauded loud and long this tribute to their mental faculties. When the applause subsided, Mr. Lincoln slyly added: "I have made that remark in every city I have visited, and it is always well received." His audience laughed, of course, but felt abashed at having been "taken in" so readily.

Similarly, Americans must not be prepared to be lavishly lauded. They have many—very many—noble qualities, but they do not possess a monopoly of the

virtues. They have done many great things during the War, but they have not done everything. They have fought very gallantly, but they have very much to learn. They have, as a people, performed many achievements, but, as a great French critic remarked, "Every country has the defect of its qualities."

In order to properly estimate America and the American people one must distinguish between two distinct types—the native-born and the foreign. Although New York is the chief city of the United States and is the centre of finance and trade and commerce, it is the most un-American of all American cities. A witty friend remarked to me, "There are more Jews in New York than in any other city in the world; more Italians than in any other city except Rome; more Greeks than in any other city except Athens; more Irish than in any other city except Dublin." In one huge ship-building yard I visited, one-half the workers were Rumanians.

It is clear, then, that in order to gauge America—you must look to the native-born. What, then, are the outstanding characteristics of the American people? I should say efficiency, patriotism, courtesy, and hospitality.

There efficiency is undoubted, and of the very highest order. Allowance must, of course, be made for bombast, and America has perhaps much more of this commodity than most countries; but her achievements are so prodigious that bombast, however unpleasant at times, is perhaps natural.

As to American patriotism, I was simply astounded during my visit at the manifestations of national fervour. I have been in England, France, and Italy during popular demonstrations of loyalty. It was my good fortune to participate in the March of Democracy in Philadelphia and the Fourth of July parade in New York. I have seen nothing comparable to these demonstrations. The jealous honour paid to the Stars and Stripes and to the

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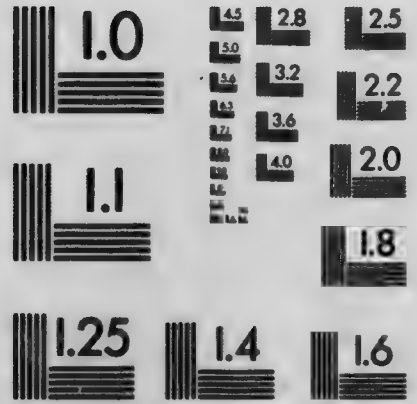

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National Anthem is astonishing. Other races are equally and profoundly loyal, but they are not so demonstrative. They are older countries, they have ancient and mighty traditions, and they take many things as a matter of course. They certainly do not display their national flag to anything like the same extent as the Americans. I have no means of gauging the relative number of Stars and Stripes in the United States, as compared with the Union Jack in England; but off-hand I should estimate the difference as 100 to 1. I do not know how many times "The Star-Spangled Banner" is sung as compared with "God Save the King," but I should take it to be 20 to 1. When the national flag of the United States passes, the American officer salutes; the citizen onlooker bares his head.

Let me not be misunderstood. There is no difference in the quality of the loyalty and patriotism of these countries; it is merely a matter of form. The hundreds

of thousands of Britishers who have given their lives and limbs for their country show the intensity of their patriotism. But they are not demonstrative. They take their loyalty for granted, and their tradition of bravery and devotion is so great, so overwhelming, that they do not consider it necessary to make a public display of it. It was a shrewd American who said, "The United States thinks it is the greatest country of the earth, and so proclaims it; the Englishman knows his to be greatest, and he takes it for granted that everybody else knows it."

The fact is that there is in America just now a wave of what a lady recently described to me as "intense nationalism." Despite the outward appearance of slow and deliberate manner and speech, the Americans are very highly strung and sensitive. They are proud of their country, their troops, their achievements. They resent criticism, however well meant. Almost everything in America is "the biggest in the world." In very many cases

this is quite true; but I have raised many a laugh of surprise by letting my audience know that, after all, Australia is bigger than the United States.

One day, as we passed West Point on a railway journey a very intelligent American remarked to me, "That's the military school which Kitchener called the best in the world." He had apparently not heard of the Ecole Polytechnique, the *alma mater* of Foch, Petain, and Nivelle. And I presume Germany has excellent schools to train men like Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and von Kluck.

The courtesy of Americans toward strangers is really an outstanding feature of the nation. It may be that, being a British officer, I have had more examples of it than ordinarily. But I must speak of people as I find them. The particular quality of American courtesy is its essentially practical nature. In almost every town I visited I had quite exceptional courtesy tendered to me. On one occasion, for instance, I had to address a meeting at

Altoona, in Pennsylvania. The residents ascertained that I had next day to visit Chambersburg, about 150 miles distant by railway. The route by motor-car was one hundred miles over the Alleghany Mountains. They immediately placed a motor-car at my disposal, and sent a citizen with me to explain the various places en route. It was the most delightful excursion I have had during my visit.

When I reached Chambersburg, the good people of that town, finding I had a few hours before the departure of the train, motored me all over the battle-ground of Gettysburg—one of the most desired places in America for a stranger to visit and one whose preservation is one of the finest tributes to the people. The saying is quite true, "America does not forget her fathers or her father's friends." I could relate many other examples These are merely two which indicate this uniform characteristic of the people.

America is noted for its hospitality

Here again the sight of a military uniform of an Allied force may have had some influence in the favours showered upon me. But I do not think this was the sole or even the chief reason. My opinion is that they knew I was a stranger, and as such they were not only kindly disposed to me on that account, but were anxious to extend the hospitality of their country to me. Nor was this limited to the educated or representative classes. One day an obviously poor man walked up to me and said: "I'd be pleased if you would accept this cigar from me." Almost before I had time to thank him he had passed on. And the cigar was an exceptionally good one! If I happened to walk along a country road almost every motor-car would stop and ask if they "could have the pleasure of giving me a lift." This attribute of generosity is bound to create a wonderfully good impression throughout the world. The mere selfish pleasure-seeker; the mere "money-mad Manhattan" is a small asset to the nation; the kindly, generous,

courteous citizen gives a reputation to a country that is—at least in the eyes of other nations—of much more lasting value than merely material attributes.

I suppose inter-state and inter-city jealousy is to be expected in America, as in all other countries. Certainly I heard many amusing but good-natured interchanges of compliments between great cities like New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. I had been in all three cities, and enjoyed their distinctive characteristics. In New York music-halls much persiflage is directed at Philadelphia and Boston. This is, of course, inevitable. It is precisely the same between Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide. It is even the same between different armies. The Australians and Canadians are good friends, but they joke at each other's characteristics. Even between regiments any little peccadilloes, real or imagined, are the subject of good-natured badinage. But when it comes to the things that count, all these apparent jealousies completely disappear. The New

Yorker, the Philadelphian, and the Bostonian then vie with each other in their intense love and admiration of their common country.

Many people were inclined to question whether America entered whole-heartedly into the war in the early stages succeeding the President's famous [illegible] tion to Congress. German pr[illegible]da had so long circulated the view that the German population would always remain a practical hindrance to America's achievements. The question is no longer asked. The work of transforming congeries of many races into one indissoluble American nation was a Herculean, almost an impossible task. Yet the War has effected the transformation. The young American of foreign extraction is learning a fierce and enduring love for his flag and country.

I heard a very amusing story of an American lady who in the first few weeks of the War invited a number of guests to dinner. Among them was a young man

of draft age, one of the *nouveau riche* class, who was not disposed to regard the War favourably.

"It does not appeal to me," he said. "I can't realize why we should have come into it. It never will appeal to me." The hostess was much perturbed, but said with a withering smile: "Well, I'm not really surprised. You know, it took the lower classes of England quite twelve months before it appealed to them." The story, even if apochryphal, conveys a lesson.

That was more than twelve months ago. To-day there is an overwhelming sentiment of unity and loyalty among all classes of the country. This is largely due to the effective propaganda work of the Press; of the large number of patriotic American institutions; of the thousands of loyal, devoted speakers who have given of their time and of their best to weld the people into one united whole. The effect of this unity of sentiment and purpose is of in-

calculable value to the American nation. It will destroy any future Kaiser's reliance upon a foreign element among the people that will prevent its just intervention in the defence of justice and humanity.

## *Prohibition in America*

"A good cause needs not be patroned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute."

RELIGIO MEDICI.

NEXT to the War, the most discussed of all problems in America to-day is prohibition. I had read very many reports upon the subject in Australia, most of them of a partisan character. The "pros" urged that it was a complete success; the "antis" that it had defeated itself, and led to evasions and secret vice; while both quoted figures extensively in support of their views.

I had the advantage of personal contact with the problem, and also many opportunities of ascertaining the views of citizens of all shades of opinion. Frankly I was disillusioned. I found that prohibition was not a mere "goody-goody" movement. It was the result of a solid

body of public opinion, backed up by the heads of the great industrial concerns. The Americans are very keen on efficiency. Their workers must be "live wires"; their speakers must put "pep" into their addresses; their representatives must have "go." The great manufacturers and business men found that the misuse of alcohol resulted in a loss of power and efficiency in the workshop and the factory. The workers became slack, the output was diminished or not up to requirements, so they discountenanced drinking, and assisted the campaigns against the "saloons." In addition, they gave the movement the impetus of personal example. An overwhelming number of big business men in America are non-drinkers. I was present, during my visit to America, at an important meeting at Worcester, a big manufacturing centre in Massachusetts, where nearly a hundred employers of eighty thousand men sat down to dinner. Not one took anything more exhilarating than iced-water! Would

such an event be possible in England or Australia? I think not. The American business man has, of course, his diversion or sedative, and so he smokes cigars incessantly—mostly quite soft and green; in fact, I had the utmost difficulty in procuring seasoned cigars in any part of America.

The efficiency argument naturally gained an added impetus after the declaration of war. Being a clear-headed and practical people, the Americans argued that if prohibition resulted in increased business and manufacture it was even more essential in war time. And if in war time why not at all times? This I found to be a compelling influence in affecting the national decision for prohibition.

Nor is America prepared to adopt the principle of compensation to those affected by anti-liquor legislation. In most other countries this course is followed. Either the State or the Industry itself (sometimes both) establishes a fund to compensate

those financially affected. It is so in parts of Australia, and it is recognized in the recent English proposal to acquire all liquor interests by buying out the present proprietors. In America I heard many people say that those in the liquor trade "had brought it on themselves"; others that it was no duty of the State to compensate a business which the passage of such legislation implied to be detrimental to the nation. The seriousness of the new policy to those interested is shown by the fact that in New York alone over ten thousand saloon keepers will be put out of business—in many cases ruined.

The one point upon which all Americans agreed to be satisfactory was the fact that nearly all the big brewery interests were controlled by German millionaires who have huge businesses at St. Louis, Milwaukee, and other centres. Their losses will be enormous.

Quite a number of people I met favoured the manufacture of light wines and beer

similar to those so extensively used in Europe. A large, and until recently, an increasing trade was being done in the manufacture of light wines in California and other districts. This view did not, however, find general acceptance, and is not likely to be adopted. America has no popular alcoholic drink similar to those which on the Continent are almost regarded as an article of food. And from what I could gather I was satisfied that the national demand for prohibition is too insistent to be delayed or turned aside by any change of policy.

The various churches—and there is no country in the world which has such a diversity of religious beliefs as America, some of them of the most weird character—are, of course, firm advocates of prohibition. But, as I was often told, they could never have influenced the country without the support of public opinion. Citizens who are not associated with the churches identify themselves with the Anti-Saloon

leagues, and exercise a very powerful influence, especially at local option polls, which are frequently held. These appeals to public opinion sometimes show see-saw results: but on the whole the movement has made very steady and recently very rapid progress. The tendency now, however, is not to rely upon local option, but to support national prohibition. This attitude is due to the anomalies created by conflicting laws, not only in the various States, but in the various counties. Thus the Federal State of Colombia in which Washington is situated is "dry," but Baltimore, which is within easy distance of the capital city, is "wet," and Washington residents are able to have their alcoholic tastes gratified in the former town.

This conflicting system—or want of system—and the anomalies arising from it, were largely responsible for the prohibition effort being directed towards Congress. Many of the elections for Governors

of the States and other public offices are now decided on that issue, but there are very few candidates who show any disposition to favour the "wets." Whilst I was in Philadelphia a primary election for Governor of the State of Pennsylvania took place. Both the Republican and the Democratic candidate favoured the "dry" issue. One Republican supporter whom I asked about the respective candidates remarked to me regretfully, "I've always voted Republican and our party here is mostly against prohibition; but the 'wets' are so strong that even our candidate had to pledge himself to vote for it."

The divergence of State laws—necessarily incident to a Federal Constitution—leads to curious results. Thus in some States or even districts you may purchase liquor freely and openly; but you may not even pass through a "dry" State on a railway journey with a flask of whisky in your valise. In the "dry" States

periodic raids are made immediately the railway train enters their territories, and heavy fines summarily inflicted upon those who carry liquor with them. Many commercial travellers (who, by the way, I found as a class to be chiefly teetotallers) found themselves in an unhappy plight, when, during the night perhaps, they were summoned from their sleepers and required to unlock their baggage and satisfy or otherwise the myrmidon of the law that it contained no liquor. As a result all the big railway corporations have discontinued the bar which was formerly attached to the dining-cars of the railways, and liquor cannot now be obtained even with meals.

Then again some States are "dry" and others "bone dry"; in some you may get alcohol in fixed quantities only, i.e. a gallon a fortnight, and so on. In the South the prohibition movement is largely a result of the coloured race problem. According to the American constitution you cannot discriminate against any

American citizen, white or black. Amongst the coloured race liquor had produced especially deleterious results and was responsible for very serious crimes, so the legislatures of most of the South voted "dry."

Amongst American soldiers drinking is strictly prohibited all over the United States, even in "wet" States, like New York and Pennsylvania, and heavy penalties are inflicted upon any person supplying a soldier with liquor.

National prohibition is now assured for America, not merely as a war measure, but permanently. Congress adopted prohibition as a war measure as from June, 1919, but I did not meet a single man who doubted that it would become the law of the land within two years at least. Under the American Constitution no amendment may be made to that statute unless it has the assent of two-thirds of the several States. Thus it became necessary to secure a majority of thirty-six of the forty-eight States of the Union. This majority

is now quite assured, and every one in America looks forward—some with pleasure, some with regret—to the time when no American, for good or ill, will be able to obtain any alcoholic liquor in any part of the United States.

## *The Glory of France, and its Reward*

"I cannot adequately express in words my appeciation of the valour of the Australians in the great battles now waging.'

MARSHAL FOCH.

A FRIENDLY feeling has existed between the French and the Australians from the moment the latter set foot on the soil of France. The French are a charming people, very frank and without reserve, and the free and nonchalant attitude of the Australian officers and men so reflected their own attributes that a mutual feeling of regard quickly sprang up. French officers, interpreters, shopkeepers, and peasants, notwithstanding the impediment of difference of language, always got on remarkably well with the men from the newer land. I recollect entering a shop in Merville, conducted by a lady whose husband had been a prisoner of war in

Armentières since the beginning of the War. She was the local agent for Burberry's, the well-known London outfitter. I purchased some goods and entered into conversation. She said, in rather good English: "You Australians are very bright and cheery. You come into my shop and say, 'Halloa, *ma cherie*,' and treat all people as equals. Others come in, but they are very cold. I should like to go to Australia after the War; but it is so far away." All Frenchmen remark upon the distance of Australia from France, and although most Australians turned themselves into immigration agents, their efforts have not, I am afraid, met with much success. Jean Jacques loves France too much to hastily think of leaving it, and there are—alas!—but too few Frenchmen left after four years of the ravages of war.

Perhaps the French Military Mission, now visiting Australia under General Pau, may bring about more fruitful results, for assuredly Australia would welcome to

its shores the gallant people who saved the world from the blight of Prussianism.

One thing is certain—the world will never be able to repay the French for their noble and dauntless courage, their heroic and unconquerable spirit. French losses have been heavier, their sacrifices greater, their heroism loftier, their military skill and genius of a higher order than that of any of the contending armies. Before England had time to send sufficient men to appreciably affect the issue; before Australia, Canada, and South Africa were able to send reinforcements, before America had come to the rescue of the Allies, France fought on and conquered. When in 1918 the Germans declared France to be "bled white," it was the gallant poilus who initiated the counter-offensive which enabled the Allies to force the Hun to retreat.

Yet these are the people the Hun openly declared were decadent. Bernhardi in the tenth chapter of his book discussing arbitration treaties had the hardihood to

say that these treaties "must be particularly pernicious to an ambitious and rising nation, such as Germany, which has not yet reached the highest point in its political and national development . . . the development of strong States would be stopped by the *status quo*—to the advantage of decadent nations." If this be decadence let us hope the Allied nations may become decadent. Then for ever would the Voice of Prussianism be silent. It is said, "True the French are heroic, but they are fighting on their own soil." This is immaterial. The Australians, Canadians and New Zealanders, are not fighting on their own soil. But they, like the British, know that the issues are as important to Great Britain as to France. Their quality of fighting is not weakened by the fact that their territories are not invaded or their wives, mothers and children in deadly peril. Let us be magnanimous. No Australian fails to acclaim the French soldier as exhibiting the highest quality of fighting and the French civilian

as showing the most resolute and undying spirit of chivalry.

The world has already passed judgment on the relative value of the French and German soldier, even accepting the vile standard set up by Hun professors – that force must be the sole arbiter of a nation's destiny. The French poilus have administered so many potent lessons in this War to the "superman" that the alleged superiority has become the subject of derision.

With all their sacrifices, with all their experiences of outrage and tyranny at the hands of the enemy, at no single moment did the French falter. Many a time have I seen a young French father and mother kiss their boy at the railway station of the village as he left to return to the Front. The mother, by the instinct of her nature, and the father too, would shed a bitter tear, but neither would call the boy back, though certain they would see him no more. Their offspring had gone to die for France, and no human being could, in

their estimate, be brought into the world for a higher or nobler purpose.

Many French writers have described how the French people sprang to arms in August of 1914, but the story has never been so admirably told as by M. Sabatier, in his "Frenchman's Thoughts on the War":—

"The great day of mobilization for our district was Monday, the 3rd of August. On this Sunday there were a few isolated departures, but no one knew of them, and I did not see them. On the following day I was cowardly. I should have liked to return to the village, to press the departing soldiers to my heart. My courage failed me. Still obsessed by the memory of 1870, I feared, not scenes of emotion, but a display of distressing patriotism, cries of hatred, stupid boasts and threats, drinking songs alternating with and profaning our national anthems. I climbed a neighbouring hill whence with a pair of binoculars one can plainly see what is happening on a number of the more im-

portant highways of the district. It was shortly after three o'clock that I first noticed, on the further side of a deep, narrow valley, something like a long dark ribbon which seemed to move.

"Then suddenly the *Marseillaise* burst forth, reverberated by all the echoes of the mountain, but there was something reserved and controlled about it; it had almost the accent of a psalm. Overcome by intense feeling, standing alone up there on the crest of the hill, I joined from afar in the song of our soldiers who were leaving for the front, until the moment when the turn of the road hid them from my sight.

"The sun shone out, and on all the other highways other interminable processions were descending towards the railway stations with the same order, with the slow heavy pace of our peasants when they set out for the days of sowing. And the dear fellows were indeed setting forth to sow—to sow the best blood of France."

This is not the place to discuss when

and in what form the world shall express its inadequate tribute to the French nation. But for the credit of the Allies let it be "good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over." Whilst in America the Hon. J. R. Beck made a proposal that France should be released from the payment of all financial obligations incurred by her from the United States. The suggestion is admirable; but we must remember the traditional aspect of French character, viz. an intense national chivalry and *amour propre*. Whatever practical rewards may be devised the world has already placed on record that, whilst all the Allies have nobly played their part, to France is the chief glory due and to her the supreme honour.

"The German colonies conquered by Great Britain (sic) must not be returned." ROOSEVELT.

AUSTRALIA and New Zealand must take a vital and active interest at the inevitable Peace Conference. They must insist upon a Monroe doctrine—firmly established and vigorously maintained. Germany must never be allowed to retain her pre-War possessions in the Pacific.

Australia and New Zealand, like all democracies, are peace-loving countries. Germany, led on first by her philosophers and doctrinaires and later by her military rulers, forced those countries to depart from their traditions of peace and liberty and plunged them into the dreadful morass of war. Why should a recrudescence of such a dreadful contingency again be possible? Why should the islands of the

Pacific be used as centres of German intrigue and "Kultur"—as wireless and submarine bases and coaling stations, of a Secret Service system such as the Wilhelmstrausse sedulously fostered before, and will foster again?

Under the German law of double nationality, passed in 1911, and the Denaturalization Law known as the Delbruck Law of 1913, it is necessary for a German subject, before he may become a naturalized citizen of any other State, to obtain a certificate of discharge from his German nationality. One can imagine how easily such a certificate could be obtained! In other words, a German's naturalization in Australia or elsewhere is a mere excuse for gaining political and business rights without shedding his German nationality. Germany's most eminent modern philosopher, Treitschke, has laid down the detestable doctrine that "every good German subject is a latent—and, if need be, an active—German spy." That this doctrine is transformed into practice has

been abundantly proved, not only in Australia but in England, France, and the United States. In the notorious "Edwards" case Australia had an example of this German method, whilst during my visit to the United States the Superior Courts decreed that a certain letter of naturalization obtained by a German many years before should be revoked on the ground that it had been obtained by fraud, the applicant never having intended that he should be amenable to American law. Such "citizens" are and must always be a menace to the Commonwealth. Their presence constitutes a danger that can only be met by permanent exclusion.

Australia must legislate so that Germany —to use President Wilson's phrase— "shall be shut out from the friendly intercourse of nations," unless, of course, she emerges from the Peace Conference unmistakably beaten and repentant. The passage of such legislation happily presents little difficulty to Australia, and the Australians.

It is within the jurisdiction of the Federal Parliament, subject, of course, to Imperial assent, which would not be withheld, to pass an Act providing that "no German person and no German goods shall henceforth be admitted into the Commonwealth." Such a course is the only counter to German policy.

Australia must never again be misled by German Socialists. Before the War many Australians were sincere admirers and believers in the honesty of purpose of the German Socialists. They regarded them as an effective check to the aggressions of the Junkers and the Militarists. That illusion is shattered. German Socialism is a delusion; the "International" a snare. The aims of the Kaiser and Philipp Scheidemann during the War—at , when Germany was temporarily successful—were identical. The Majority Socialists meekly voted for the first War Credits, and consistently followed the same course. It is true that Scheidemann—a very able man, but without the moral courage of

his pre-war convictions—made one heroic attempt in the famous Reichstag Resolution of "No Annexations and on Indemnities" to assert democratic principles; but assuming his motives to have been honest, he quickly abandoned that doctrine by consenting to, or at least not opposing, the policy of the Prussian Junkers in dealing with Russia, Finland, Roumania, Poland, and the Ukraine. Even at the present moment Scheidemann is engaged in the very uncongenial task of pulling the Kaiser's chestnuts out of the fire. The leader of the Majority Socialists well knew the issue of the great struggle, before, at the time of, and after the War. Australia is largely Socialistic, but the Commonwealth must sever at all hazards all future political or other connections with the German Socialists.

Australia has an even further and more important task. She must, through her appointed representatives in Imperial affairs, put an end to the scheming and plotting against humanity which con-

tinually goes on in the vicious circle of so-called diplomacy. Australia has no possible object or advantage in becoming enmeshed in European disputes, from the consequences of which she—like all other self-governing Commonwealths—has been an innocent victim. Australia is strong enough to insist upon a discontinuance of the intolerable practices of Continental diplomatists. She must require the abolition of State treaties, of secret "understandings," of diplomatic "arrangements." The great mass of the people never desire war.

This view was thus acknowledged by "The Times," several years before the outbreak of the War:—

"Who, then, makes war? The answer is to be found in the Chancelleries of Europe, among the men who have too long played with human lives as pawns in a game of chess, who have become so enmeshed in formulas and the jargon of diplomacy that they have ceased to be conscious of the poignant realities with

which they trifle. And thus war will continue to be made, until the great masses who are the sport of professional schemers say the word which shall bring, not eternal peace, for that is impossible, but a determination that wars shall be fought only in a just and righteous and vital cause."

Democracy and "diplomacy" are mutually antagonistic. It is the diplomat who directs and perpetuates those dynasties which for centuries have been the curse of Europe. Even at this moment German diplomats are vigorously at work at their old tricks.

There is yet another task for the democracies. Europe is familiar with the sight of their rulers declaring war. Australia is not. The soldiers of the Commonwealth fail to comprehend that any ruler, regal or otherwise, should be above and beyond the law. Why should a King or Emperor start the ghastly business of war and avoid all the consequences? Why should the murderer of millions be

pardoned for infamous misdeeds and the murderer of one executed by the common hangman ?

These questions have often been put to me by individual Australian soldiers. They proceed not from a spirit of vengeance, but as a matter of substantive Justice and future security. And Europe will have to recognise the strong sentiment of natural Justice which impels them. Napoleon, it is true, was imprisoned on St. Helena. But we have progressed since then. The Allied powers must decide that the individual ruler who declared or caused this war shall stand his trial for murder ; otherwise the doctrine of regal irresponsibility for crime remains unaffected and unimpaired, and the future peace of the world endangered. It is only by empannelling a Jury for the trial of guilty rulers that present and succeeding Kaisers can be taught that war is not only a hideous and hazardous enterprise, but that from them and not their subjects alone shall the full penalty be exacted.

There is, fortunately, world-wide evidence that the great masses, even in many European countries, are at last becoming conscious of their power to mould their own destinies. This must be the first of all the lessons of the War. "What a noble thing it is to die for the Fatherland," exclaimed the Crown Prince. Just so. But the Kaiser and his family have contributed no life-sacrifice to the War which they so sedulously fostered and carried into execution. It is always the masses of the peoples who suffer and die—not for their Fatherland, but for the aggrandisement of Kaisers, Czars, and Emperors. Upon the democracies of Australia, united with the other democracies, therefore, rests the task and the duty of preventing the appalling catastrophies which the rulers of the earth inflict upon their subjects. If the democracies succeed, the War will not, after all, have been fought in vain.

## *Repatriating the Australians*

'E wus no patriot
That sits and brays advice in days of strife;
'E never flapped no flags nor sich like rot;
'E never sang 'Gawsave' in all his life;
'E was depised by them that make sich noise,
But now—O strike!—'es 'one of the brave boys.'

C. J. DENNIS.

WHEN the echoes of the War shall have died down the fame of Australia will form a glorious chapter in the greatest struggle in history. But what of the Australians who took part in the mighty contest? How are they to be treated? What is to be their reward? The individual soldier himself is merely conscious of having performed a simple duty. When he voluntarily enlisted he knew he stood to lose all. But the great-hearted people of Australia will not be content to leave their gallant braves to become the sport of circumstance. No adequate reward, it is

true, is possible to the man who has become a physical wreck; or even to the more fortunate one whose health is impaired. All the troops have done their duty; and so provision must be made for all.

The Statesmen of the Commonwealth are happily fully conscious of their duty, and are even now taking the necessary steps to make the only recompense in their power—to re-settle and re-establish returned Australian soldiers upon Australian soil.

Fortunately, the Commonwealth affords ample resources to enable this to be effectively carried out. Australia has a territory of nearly three million square miles—slightly larger than the United States—with a mere handful of five million people. Soldiers who will have survived the terrible conflicts of Gallipoli, France, Flanders, and Palestine will receive consideration such as has not, up to the present, been devised for any other of the contending armies. The Commonwealth Minister of Repatriation (Senator E. D. Millen) recently described his task as the

biggest and most complex problem coming to Australia as a legacy of the War, and the proposal on foot as being "the first complete scheme yet given to the world." The objects of the Repatriation Act passed by the Federal Parliament and of the various statutes of the State Parliaments are to :—

(a) Provide for dependents of those who have fallen.

(b) Look after those who are suffering from the effects of wounds or illness incurred in war ; and

(c) Reinstate in civil life all those capable of such reinstatement.

It is obvious that these worthy objects —the recognition by the community of the heroic services of its valiant sons— can only be effected by the loyal co-operation of the nation and the sympathetic administration of its Ministers. To these two essential conditions Australia has given an adequate answer. Apart from the large "Crown Lands" available

by the State, many public-spirited men have voluntarily given their private estates for the purposes of soldier settlement, while others have sold valuable properties to the authorities much below their actual value.

Large sums of money have also been donated privately for the same object, and the Minister declares that the rights of the soldier under the Repatriation Act are to be quite exclusive of the benefits of the pension he is to receive. Apart from land settlement, arrangements are already well advanced for providing :

(a) Hostels for the totally and incurably helpless.

(b) Sanatoriums for tubercular and kindred cases.

(c) Permanent military hospitals for consultation and relief.

(d) Factories for manufacture and repairs of artificial limbs (an expert has already been engaged from America).

(e) Schools for teaching useful trades.
(f) Workshops for suitable trades for maimed men.

The scheme of repatriation has been adjusted by co-ordinating the efforts of the Governments of the Commonwealth and the States. The latter will provide the land; the former will make the necessary financial advances to the soldiers up to £750 to each man at 3½ per cent. Every Australian soldier who receives an honourable discharge will be eligible to receive both the land and the advance, and, as far as possible, every British soldier will have equal facilities extended to him. Where a soldier has not had previous rural experience, he may have a course of training in agriculture at the expense of the State, while in special cases the Minister and his department have complete and absolute discretion as to what assistance may be given. The Minister has laid down four conditions

that will be borne in mind in settling returned soldiers.

1. That the holding should be such that the settler's own labour will be the most important factor in its development by working.
2. The size and character of holding to correspond with settler's resources.
3. Knowledge necessary to work the holding can be easily acquired.
4. Returns shall be quick.

The extent of the Repatriation effort is shown from the fact that £2,000,000 has already been voted by Parliament as a preliminary instalment, and not less than £60,000,000 is the estimated financial responsibility of State and Commonwealth.

The Australians are a hardy and vigorous race. Each man has been at all times prepared, as his forefathers did before him, to carve out his own destiny. The striking characteristics he exhibited in the War —his indomitable pluck, his physical prowess, his unconquerable courage, his

initiative and resource were but a replica of the efforts he had previously exhibited in his battle with nature in his own land. These same great qualities will endure. A grateful nation will not only on his return endeavour to heal the wounds of war, but in the days to come will honour him before all its citizens !

## *Appendix*

CARDINAL MERCIER, Archbishop of Malines, in the banned Pastoral of Xmas, 1914 :—

" If I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defence of his country's honour, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his military valour, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. ' Greater love than this hath no man,' said Our Saviour, ' that a man lay down his life for his friends.' And the soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country, reaches this highest of all degrees of charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice ; but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical precision of the moralist or the theologian ? Can we who revere his heroism doubt that his God welcomes him with love ? Christian mothers, be proud of your

sons. Of all griefs, of all our human sorrows, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I think I behold you in your affliction, but erect, standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the Cross. Suffer us to offer you not only our condolence but our congratulation. Not all our heroes obtain temporal honours, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity; it cancels a whole lifetime of sins—it transforms a sinful man into a saint."

## "*In Flanders' Fields*"

By Lieut.-Col. John McCrae

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high;
If break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

## *The Reply*

By C. B. Galbreath

In Flanders' fields the cannon boom
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles, fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky ;
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom,
In Flanders' fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well :
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.

Your flaming Torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through,
To crush the foe or sleep with you
In Flanders' fields.

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